We run down **MARATHON MAN**

...walk all over **OBSESSION**

...blacken **THE JEFFERSONS**

...kid **PARENTAL HANG-UPS**

...and ignore **CB RADIOS** again!

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No. 191
June '77
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NUMBER 191 JUNE 1977

MAD

"Out of the mouths of babies oft come gems... not to mention germs...and undigested food!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June, 1977, Volume 1, No. 191. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions in U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1977 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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LETTERS DEPT.

CB OR NOT CB?

Your cover on #189 is excellent. Not so much for Kotter and his bunch as for ignoring CB radios. Don't do a satire on them; it will come out serious!

Scott H. Gee
Rhinelander, Wi.

I looked for fifteen minutes before I realized you really *did* ignore CB radios.

Terrance W. Cook
Ft. Campbell, Ky.

"MAD Ignores CB Radios" was out of sight!

Scott Sadler
Santa Ana, Calif.

A MAGAZINE COVER WE'D LIKE TO SEE

You finks! I almost had to pay an extra ten cents for MAD because I had the back cover showing, to look respectable, at the check-out counter I caught the girl just in time...I hope.

Vicky Curtis
Chicago, Ill.

I sure fooled my parents! They were becoming alarmed about my reading habits. When I came home they asked me what magazine I had bought, I showed them the reverse side. They said, "That's more like it." Now everybody's happy. You guys showed class in that issue. Thanks!

Richard W. Doherty
Lynn, Mass.

I really liked "A Magazine Cover We'd Like To See", on the back of the March '77 issue. With a cover-up like that, I wasn't ashamed to read MAD on the bus. One problem, though, the other passengers wondered why I was reading something upside down.

D. Dupras
Montreal, Quebec,
Canada

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Yep, we guarantee that one year from now, we will still be selling these full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, suitable for framing or wrapping fish. So this fine-print item really doesn't warrant tease ads like this one! Send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

THE OMENOUS

My Grandpa Eblis sat through "The Omen" five times and really ate up your MAD version. Grandpa has been into Devil-Worship for years, contending that the powers of evil are as mighty as the powers of good and must therefore be conciliated. Incidentally, the "Omen II" movie is *now* in production. Damien stalks again! A chance for North and De Bartolo to continue their torrid pace?

M.G. Teufel
Hot Springs, Ark.

I don't know what "possessed" me to read "The Omenous" by De Bartolo and North. Now I have to see a psychiatrist and an exorcist twice a week!

Jayson Densman
Irving, Texas

De Bartolo gave us something devilishly new in MAD entertainment: "Suspense Satire"!

Kevin Mielke
Anoka, Minn.

I didn't have to read "The Omenous." My dog, Cerberus, ate the magazine as soon as I brought it home. But seriously, De Bartolo and North are really diabolical. Great job!

Eric Allen
Burlington, Vt.

Your "The Omenous" scared me as much as the movie. That's saying a lot because the theatre audience was cheering for Damien!

Diane Russo
Wayne, N.J.

A sizzling hell-raiser!

Mark Watts
Mississauga, Ont.,
Canada

"WELCOME BACK, KLODDER"

Glad you honored "Mrs. Klodder's Tuna Casserole"! In our rugged society, it should be the *new* American Simile..."as American as..."!

Jim Randleman
Elverta, Calif.

I don't like the idea of the "Sweatslobs" graduating. I did see one graduate, my brother. He went through twelve years of school and graduated from the eighth grade.

Danny Mills
Elsmere, Del.

Angelo Torres did some nice groupings of those "Klodder" characters. Give him and Silverstone the coveted "Charlie The Tuna Award"!

Jock Elias
Fort Langley,
B.C., Canada

I would have given your "Welcome Back, Klodder" cover an A+ except for the poor spelling. That should be "T-E-E-C-H-U-R-*E*"!

Darryl Davis
Webster, Mass.

President Carter is wise to all that Capitol Hill evil. He'll never let Demon darken the White House.

Colleen Simon
New London, Conn.

The Devil with Carter?

I was reading the "chilling" ending to "The Omenous" when President Carter's Inauguration came on TV. I looked for Demon, but he wasn't there. Hopefully, the President's exhortation for "a new beginning...and a new spirit" *will* prevail in our land. Surely, only then can we tell Demon to go to the devil!

Grant Henry
Edina, Minn.

AMERICAN JOKES THEY'RE TELLING IN POLAND

We would like to thank you very much for your "American Jokes They're Telling In Poland" article. We are full-blooded Polack...er...Polish persons and we're sick of those Polish Jokes. Time for a change!

Andy & Casey Brozozowiec
West Seneca, N.Y.

I just want to tell you a good "American Joke" we always use in Pole Land:

Q: Pinski bar quiersko jabnisk stagun?

A: Raül skitiski quen robton.

Ha! Ha! Wasn't that funny?

Bob Boerniski
Polish Harlem, N.Y.

I'd tell you *lots* of "American Jokes" they told in Poland, but you had to be there!

Casimir Fryczynski
Detroit, Mich.

A MAD LOOK AT WINTER

In Aragonés's "A MAD Look At Winter," Sergio had his lines down cold!

Karen Carbone
Whitman, Mass.

THE LITERARY YELLOW PAGES

Congratulations to writer Frank Jacobs on his "The Literary Yellow Pages." Glutton that I am for punishment, I have been reading MAD for a lot of years, but I can't remember an article I enjoyed quite as much. You had better watch your image, MAD, or else risk the threat of being labelled as an intellectual's mag. God forbid! What a coincidence, the high-hat highbrow on the back of that issue.

Mary McClavey
Weston, Ont.
Canada

You forgot a section in the "Literary Yellow Pages"... MADmen's Yellow Yellow Pages!

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Jonathan J. Cohen
Netwton, Mass.

▶ Publications, Almost

NEUMAN, ALFRED E.
If You Got The Cash, We Got The Trash!
9 Garbage Grove....YEcch 7-4262

T. Brown
Langhorne, Pa.

Your "Literary Yellow Pages" helped me a lot. I had been looking for a place to get rid of my old MAD issues. The Junkyard Tinman bought them for a nickel each.

Casey King
Mayberry, W.V.

ONE MORNING IN A COURTROOM

Don Martin's "One Morning In A Courtroom" is a ballistics expert's nightmare!

Greg Landis
Kokomo, Ind.

Martin should get 10 to 20 for that crime. Mainly, 10 to 20 laughs.

Jeffrey Johnson
Doraville, Ga.

I've heard of "hung juries", but...!

Mike Spring
Nyack, N.Y.

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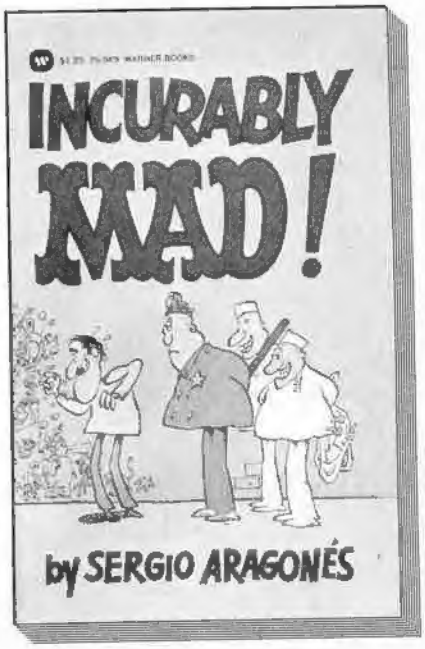

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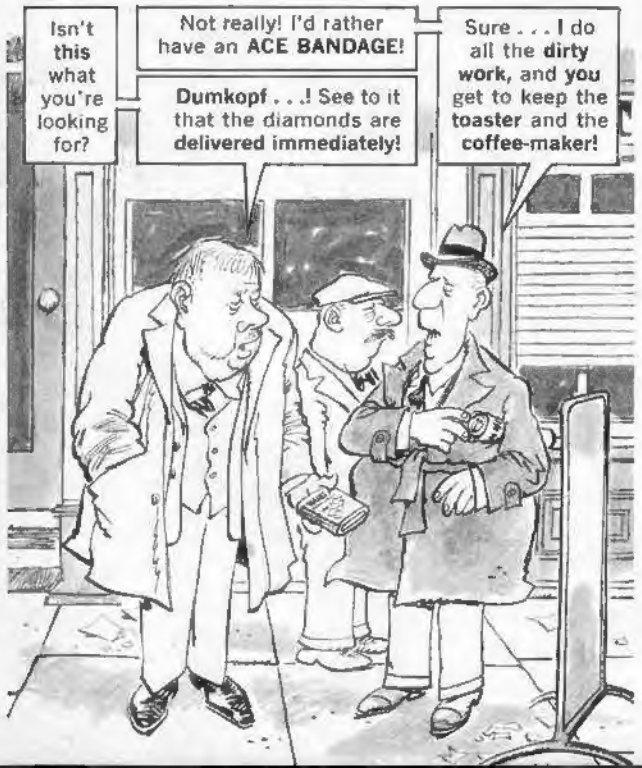
THOU SHALT NOT DRILL DEPT.

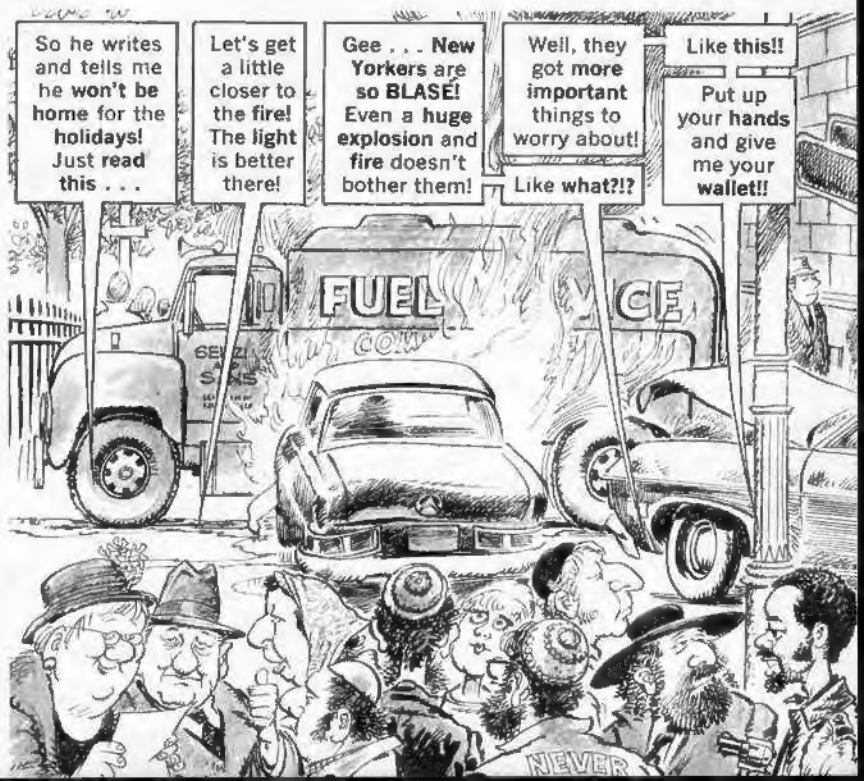
Hooray for Hollywood! They finally did it! They teamed up one of the top screenwriters with one of the top directors and one of the top superstars, and they came up with the ultimate movie . . . the ultimate in confusion, that is! In this new movie, nobody . . . not the people who made it, nor the audience . . . has the foggiest notion of what's going on! That's why we at MAD call it:

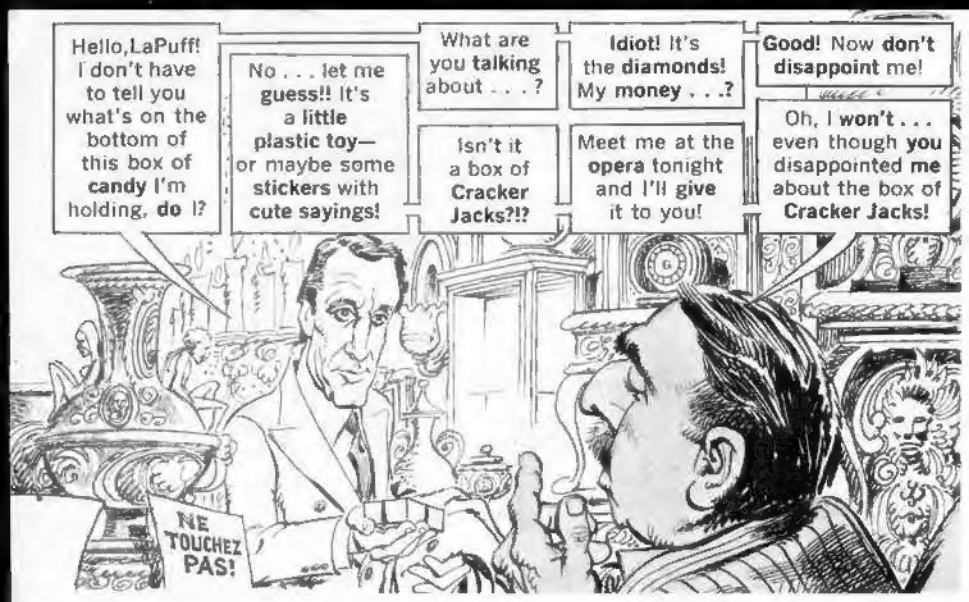
MARAT
MARAT
MARAT

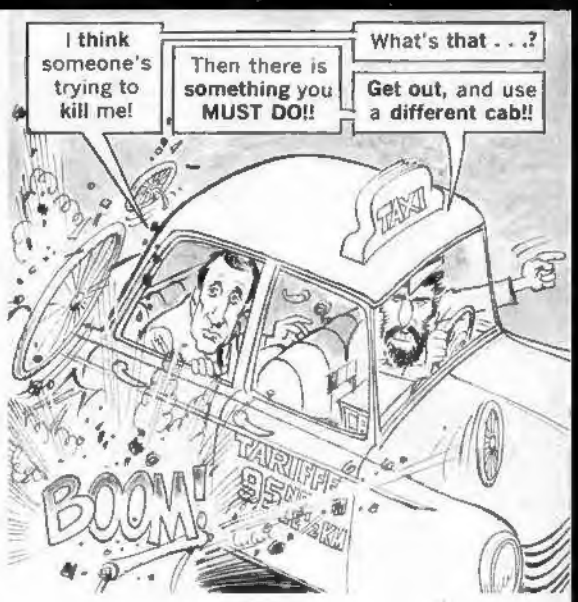
HON MESS
HON MESS

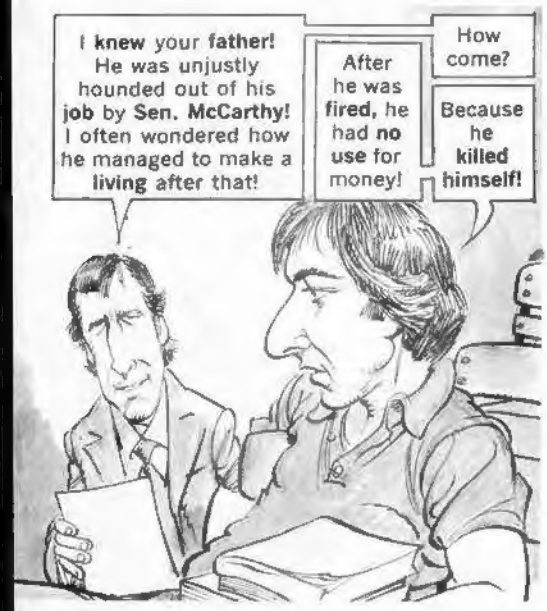
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



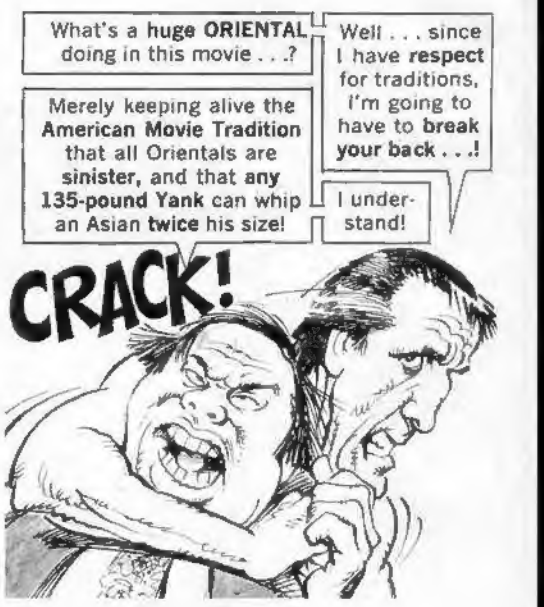



Hello, LaPuff! I don't have to tell you what's on the bottom of this box of candy I'm holding, do I?
No . . . let me guess!! It's a little plastic toy— or maybe some stickers with cute sayings!
What are you talking about . . . ?
Isn't it a box of Cracker Jacks?!?
Idiot! It's the diamonds! My money . . .?
Meet me at the opera tonight and I'll give it to you!
Good! Now don't disappoint me!
Oh, I won't . . . even though you disappointed me about the box of Cracker Jacks!
NE TOUCHEZ PAS!


I think someone's trying to kill me!
Then there is something you MUST DO!!
What's that . . .?
Get out, and use a different cab!!
TAXI
TARIFF
BOOM!


I knew your father! He was unjustly hounded out of his job by Sen. McCarthy! I often wondered how he managed to make a living after that!
After he was fired, he had no use for money!
How come?
Because he killed himself!

LaPuff was dead when I got to the opera, and I have the feeling that they're trying to kill me, too! But no one believes me!
I believe you!
Who—who are you?
Your assassin!


What's a huge ORIENTAL doing in this movie . . .?
Merely keeping alive the American Movie Tradition that all Orientals are sinister, and that any 135-pound Yank can whip an Asian twice his size!
Well . . . since I have respect for traditions, I'm going to have to break your back . . .!
I understand!
CRACK!

Excuse me! Uh—may I borrow your pencil . . .?
No!
Uh—may I use your library card . . .?
NO!!
Well . . . would you do ONE small favor for me, at least??
What is it . . .?
Let me run my hand up and down your thigh!
NOW . . . you're TALKING!!

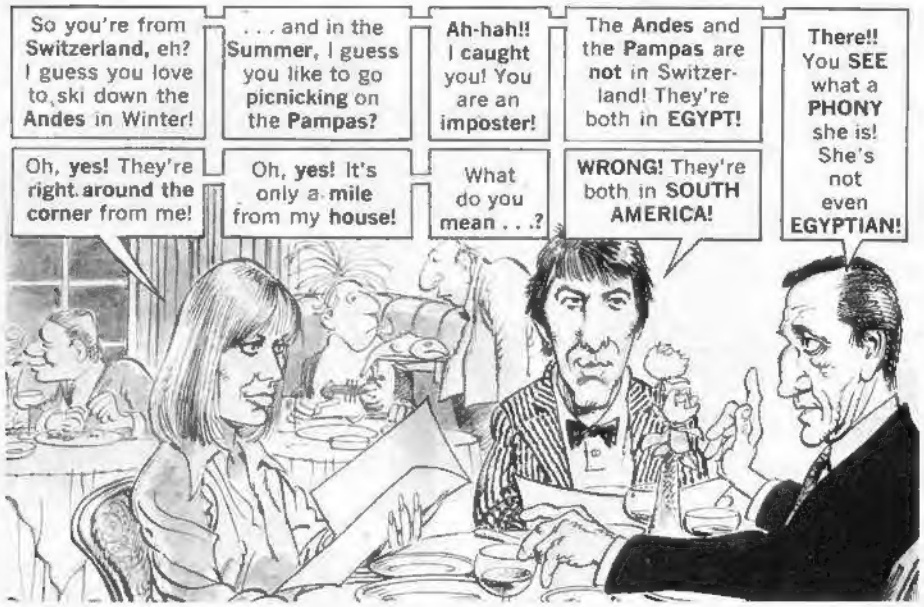
I don't fall in love easily . . . but I'm in love with YOU!!
Why? We've just met!
I know . . . but you're the only GIRL in this WHOLE MOVIE!! pant . . . pant . . .
This is disgraceful!. Can't you read the sign? "ABSOLUTELY NO PANTING IN THIS LIBRARY"!
NO PANTING PLEASE

BAM

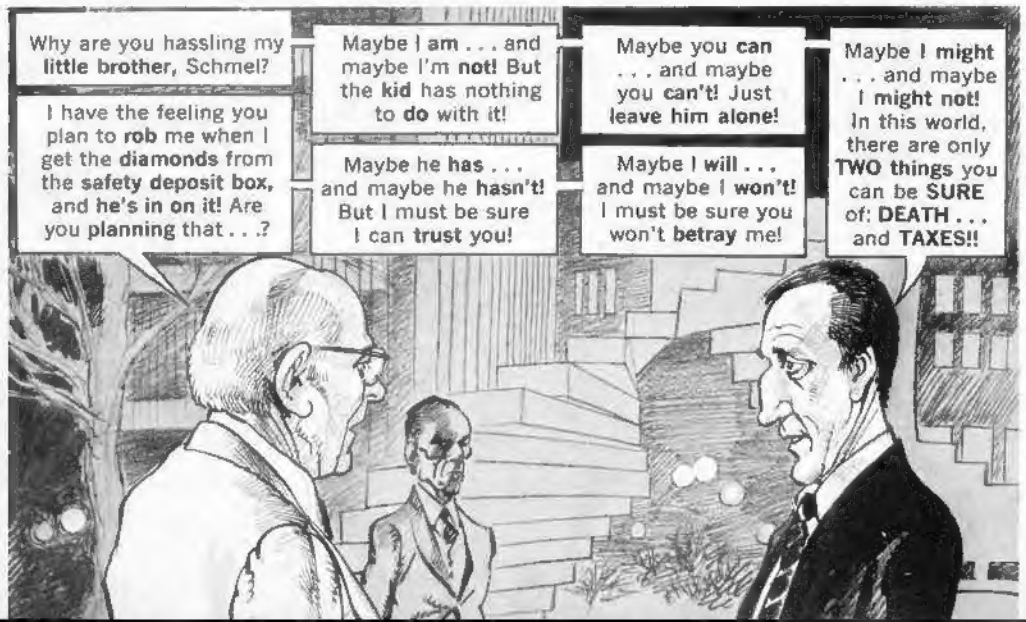
What do you **want**? Who **ARE** you . . .?
But you're wearing **EXPENSIVE SUITS!**
We're a couple of muggers!!
We're **SUCCESSFUL** muggers!

You and your **stupid walks** in the **park!!**
After midnight?!
Well, I **thought** it would be **romantic!**
Next week, you'll want to take a walk in **BEIRUT!**

Hey, little brother! I'm **home!** How you doing?
I met this **girl,** and I'm **crazy** about her, and we have **wild wonderful sex** together . . .!
What **KIND** of sex?
About like **this!**


So you're from **Switzerland,** eh? I guess you love to ski down the **Andes** in Winter!
. . . and in the **Summer,** I guess you like to go **picnicking** on the **Pampas?**
Ah-hah!! I caught you! You are an **imposter!**
The **Andes** and the **Pampas** are **not** in Switzerland! They're both in **EGYPT!**
There!! You **SEE** what a **PHONY** she is! She's not even **EGYPTIAN!**
Oh, **yes!** They're **right around the corner** from me!
Oh, **yes!** It's only a **mile** from my **house!**
What do you **mean** . . .?
WRONG! They're both in **SOUTH AMERICA!**

Now, **WHAT** did you do **THAT** for?!
Because you're my **younger brother,** and I don't want anything to happen to **YOU** in this picture that doesn't happen to **ME!**
Like **what?**
Like **making out!**


Why are you hassling my **little brother,** Schmel?
I have the feeling you plan to **rob** me when I get the **diamonds** from the **safety deposit box,** and **he's in on it!** Are you **planning** that . . .?
Maybe I **am** . . . and maybe I'm **not!** But the **kid** has nothing to **do** with it!
Maybe he **has** . . . and maybe he **hasn't!** But I must be sure I can **trust** you!
Maybe you **can** . . . and maybe you **can't!** Just **leave him alone!**
Maybe I **will** . . . and maybe I **won't!** I must be sure you won't **betray** me!
Maybe I **might** . . . and maybe I **might not!** In this world, there are only **TWO things** you can be **SURE** of: **DEATH** . . . and **TAXES!!**

Well, **ONE** out of **TWO** ain't bad!
Now . . . *gulp* . . . all I have to worry about is . . . **TAXES!**

Good Lord! What happened to you?

I was stabbed in Lincoln Center, so I dragged myself to Broadway, caught an uptown bus to 72nd St. and got on a crosstown bus to Riverside Drive, grabbed a No. 4 bus to 116th Street . . . walked up the hill . . . and here I am . . .

Who—who did this to you??

The killer is . . . the killer is . . . cough—cough . . . the . . . agghh . . . —plotz—

Time to tell me a travelogue, he's GOT! Time to tell me one simple name, he DON'T!

Why would someone kill my brother?!

Your brother wasn't in business! He was an agent for the Government! He was part of a branch that does the things that are TOO DIRTY for the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. to handle!

I can't buy that!

Buy what?

There are things TOO DIRTY for the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. to handle?!?

He was a Courier! He transported diamonds to certain people in exchange for certain information for certain people! However, certain other people wanted him out of the way! Do you understand what I'm telling you?

No!!

Good! I thought I was the ONLY ONE!

We want to use you as bait to help find your brother's killers!

Okay, I'll do it on two conditions! One . . . that when you find the dirty rotten killer, he'll be brought to justice . . .

Granted! And the second condition?

That it won't be dangerous!

Hey, I know I need a shampoo after a workout, but this is ridiculous!

What did your brother SAY when he died?!?

He said, "Cough . . . cough . . . —plotz—"

Anything ELSE?!?

No . . .! After he died, he was very quiet!

Is it safe?

Is WHAT safe?

If I knew, would I be asking a 40-year-old schmuck who can't get out of college?!?

Okay, it's safe!

I—I don't believe you!

Okay, it's NOT safe!

How's that?

I STILL don't believe you!

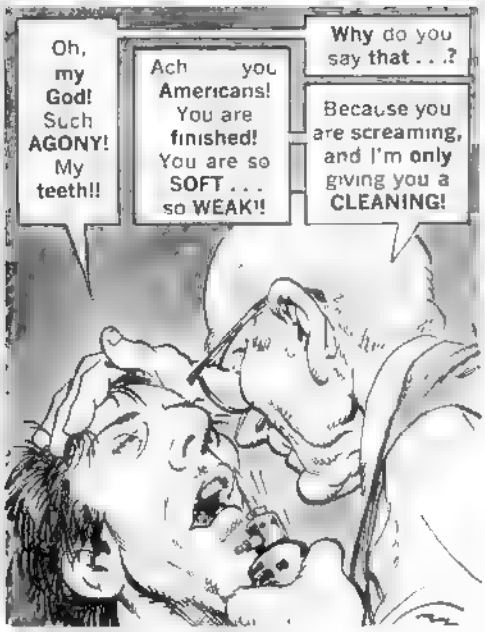
For God's sake . . . what DO you want to hear?!?

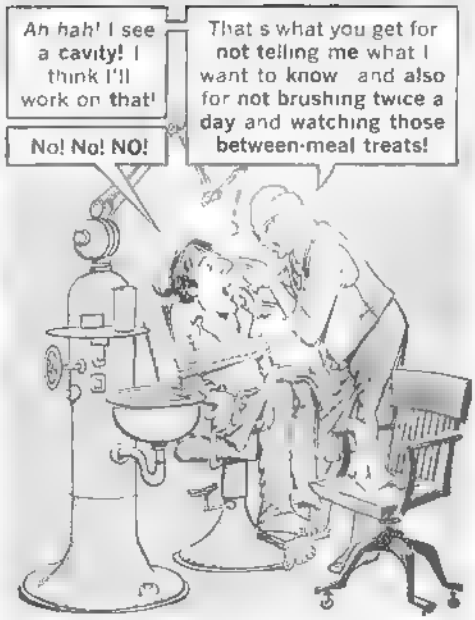
Since you asked, I'd really like to hear "Melancholy Baby" sung in German!

Now, I'm afraid, I must inflict the greatest pain you've ever felt! It's my PROFESSION!

Oh . . . you're a torturer?

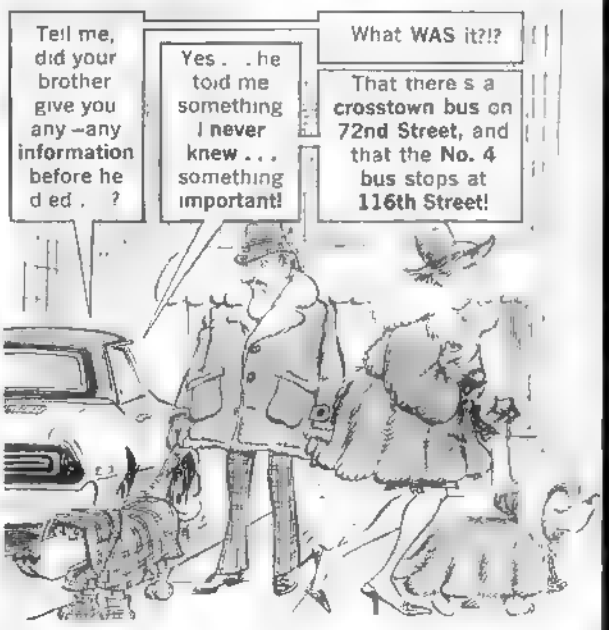
No, a DENTIST!

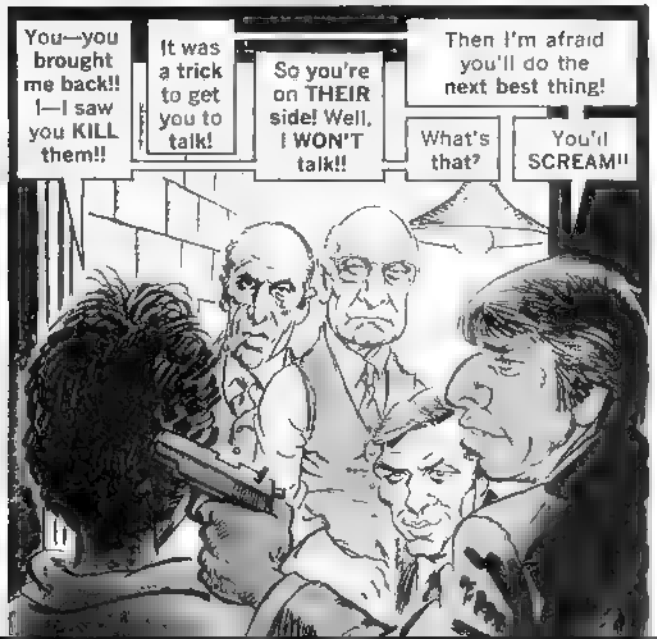

Oh, my God! Such AGONY! My teeth!!
Ach you Americans! You are finished! You are so SOFT . . . so WEAK!!
Why do you say that . . .?
Because you are screaming, and I'm only giving you a CLEANING!


Ah hah! I see a cavity! I think I'll work on that!
No! No! NO!
That s what you get for not telling me what I want to know and also for not brushing twice a day and watching those between-meal treats!

Okay, Boob, let's get the heck out of here!
,ust want to tell you one thing! 'l be damned if I'll see you twice a year!!
If you leave now, you'l ruin everything!
What do you mean?
I won t know where to send the bill!

Schmel is a brutal, inhuman former Nazi Concentration Camp Dentist! Your brother would give him the diamonds, and he'd give us the names of other Nazi war criminals who are still at large!
But—but he's such a MONSTER!! Are—are the other Nazi war criminals any worse than he is??
No, he's the worst!
Then, why don't you arrest HIM?
Because we never thought of that!


Tell me, did your brother give you any—any information before he d ed . ?
Yes . . he told me something I never knew . . . something important!
What WAS it?!?
That there s a crosstown bus on 72nd Street, and that the No. 4 bus stops at 116th Street!


You—you brought me back!! I—I saw you KILL them!!
It was a trick to get you to talk!
So you're on THEIR side! Well, I WON'T talk!!
Then I'm afraid you'll do the next best thing!
What's that?
You'll SCREAM!!

I must be careful! If I don't do this right, it might hurt a bit!
And if you do it right?
Then it will hurt a lot! Hee—hee!!

Stop him! STOP HIM!! He forgot to make another appointment!!

You've got to help me! These people are try ng to kill me! I've got to get out of New York City and hide somewhere!

I know just the place! A deserted, out-of-the way farm house! Only a few people know where it is . . .

WHAT people?

Oh just a former Nazi Dentist and some of his associates!

So YOU'RE work ng for him, too?! WHY . . .??

Listen be ng a Dental Assistant is a good job!!

I want the Nazi! Where is he?

At the bank!

At the bank? What's he doing there?

E ther getting his diamonds out of the vault, or taking out a loan to start his own Concentration Camp!

How . . . how much are diamonds like these in today's market?

Don't I know you ? From Germany?

Grab that man . . .!! Grab him!

Why . . .?

I KNOW him! From years ago! He . . he charged me a fortune for a gold inlay, and it fell out in a week!!

DIAMONDS

DIAMOND EXCHANGE

Here's what I think of your diamonds . . .!

Stop! You're throwing away millions! Why?

Damned if I know . . .! I'm a poor starving student who lives like a hobo and hasn't got a dime to his name!

It doesn't make sense!

It makes about as much sense as an infamous Nazi like you going to the Jewish section to price diamonds, when a simple telephone call would have done it!

Oh, my God! I'm falling down the stairs!

WHO SAID most accidents happen in the home?!? Everyone knows they always happen conveniently . . . in goofy movies like this one!

What did all that torture and killing mean? Nothing! Just a waste!

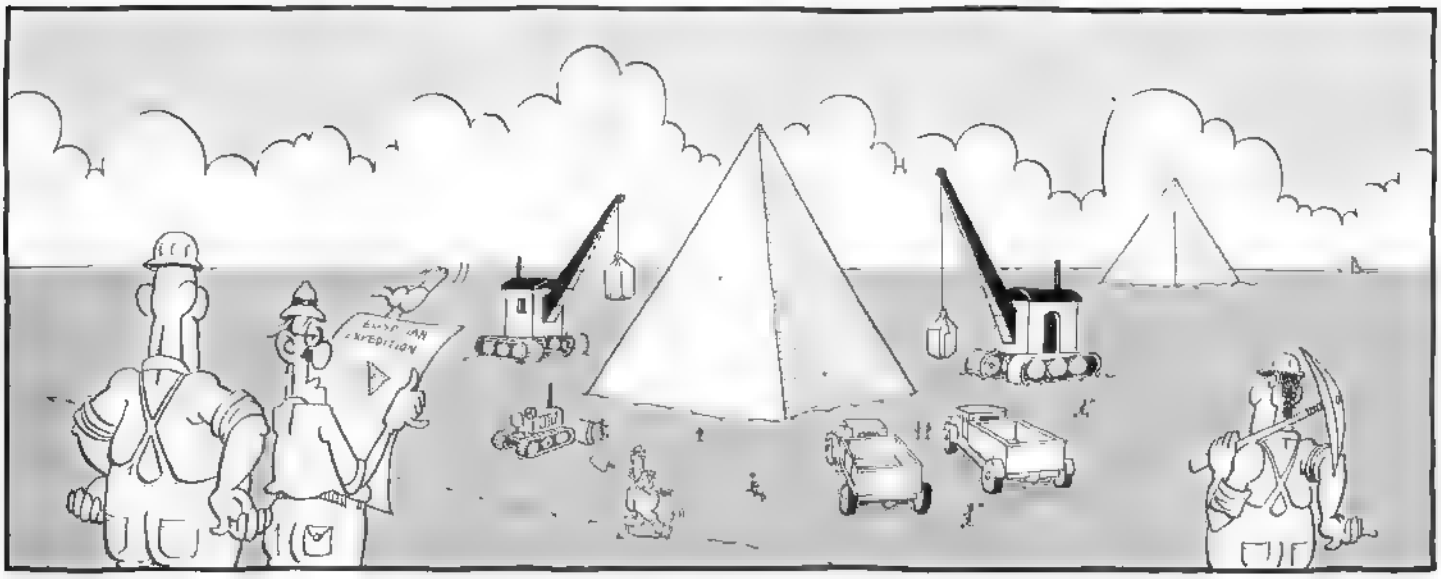
Not necessarily! Something good DID come out of my meeting up with you . . .!

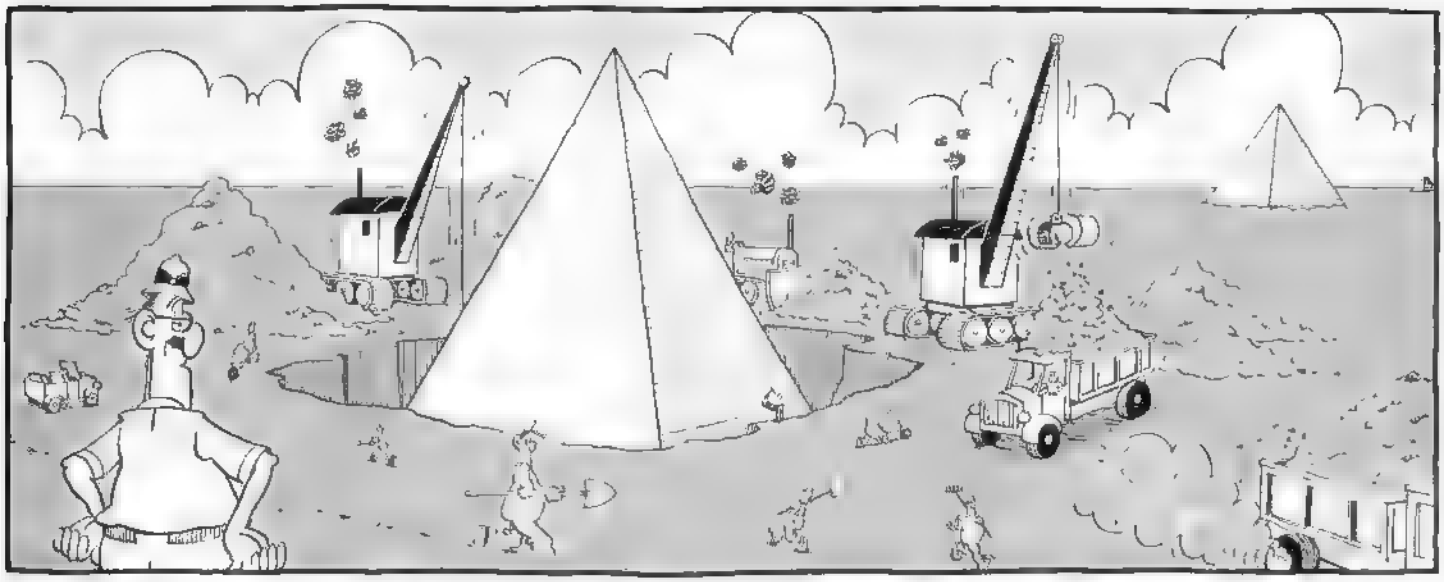
What was that . . .?

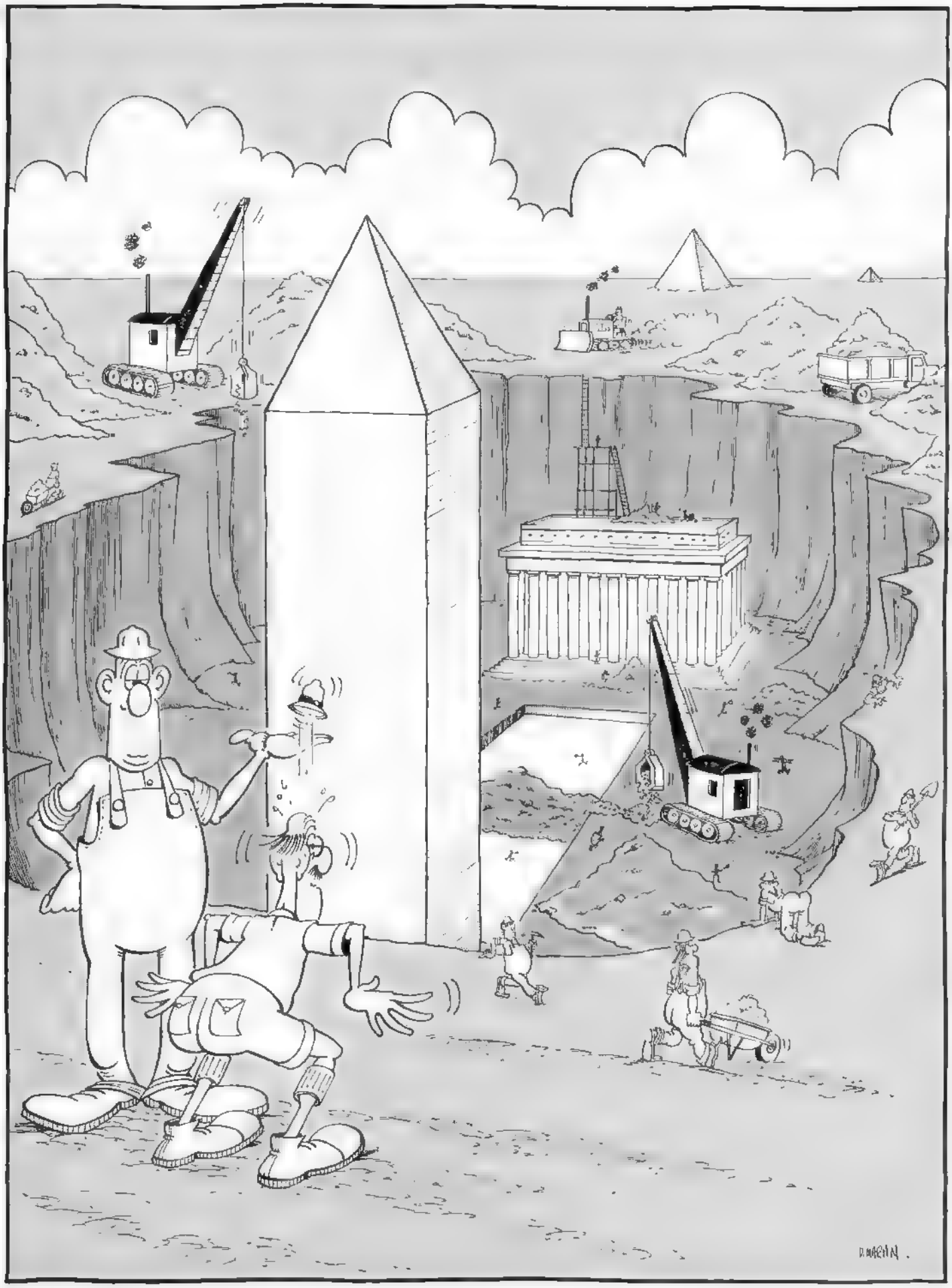
At least you corrected my terrible OVERBITE!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN EGYPT

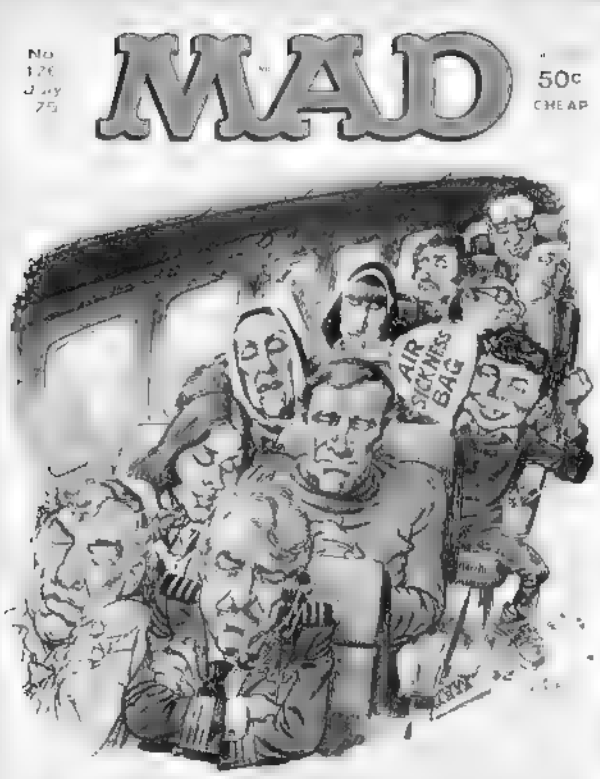





DUGAN

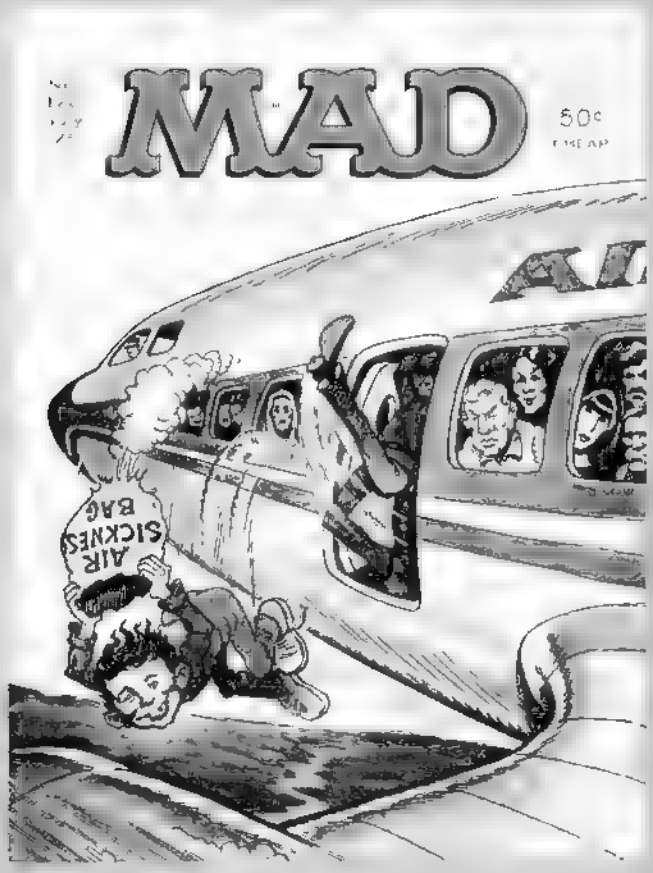
SECONDING OUR NOTION DEPT.

PRESENTING MORE ORIGINAL MAD COVERS



IN THIS ISSUE, WE SOCK AIRPORT '75!

AND ONE MAD MOMENT LATER!

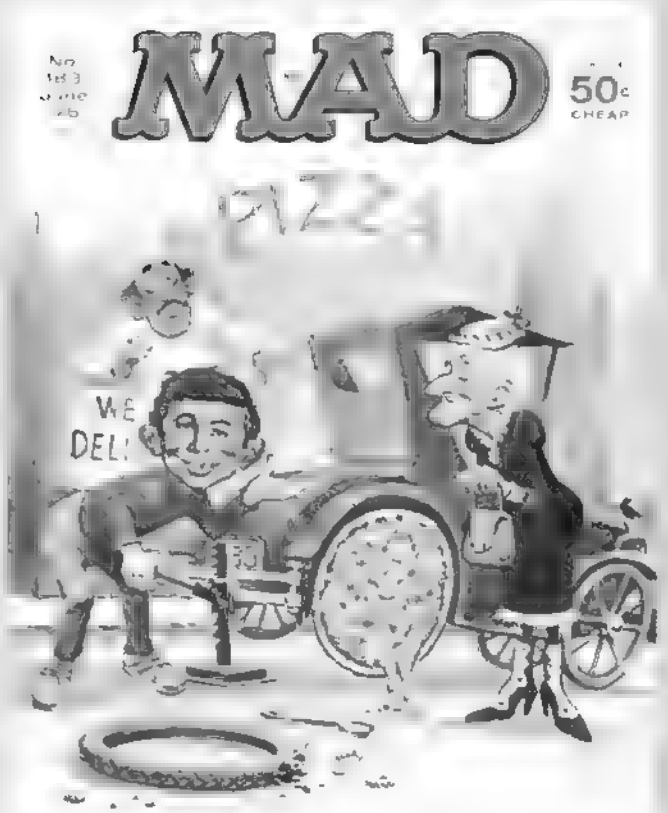


ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

THE ORIGINAL

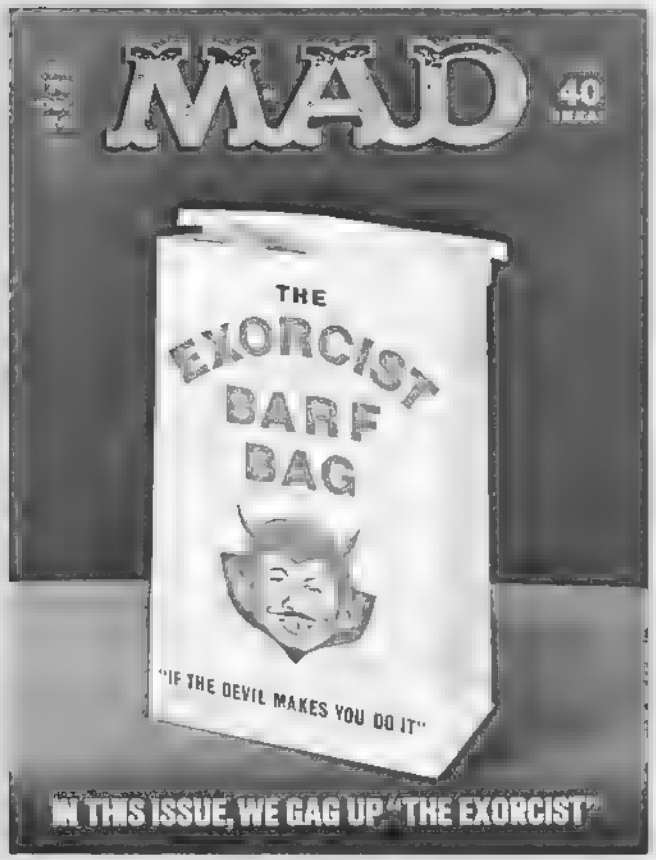
COVER...

...AND ONE



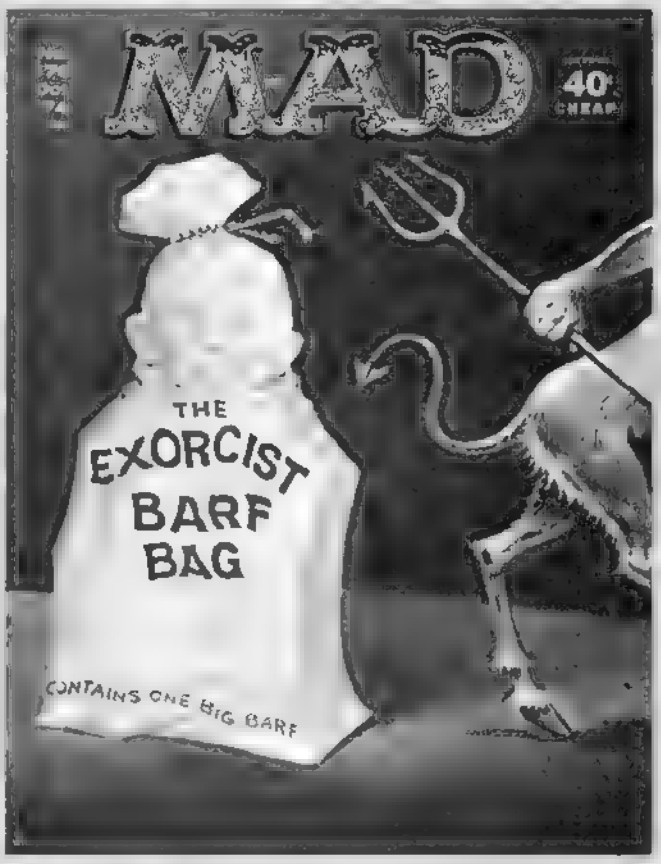
MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL



COVER...

...AND ONE

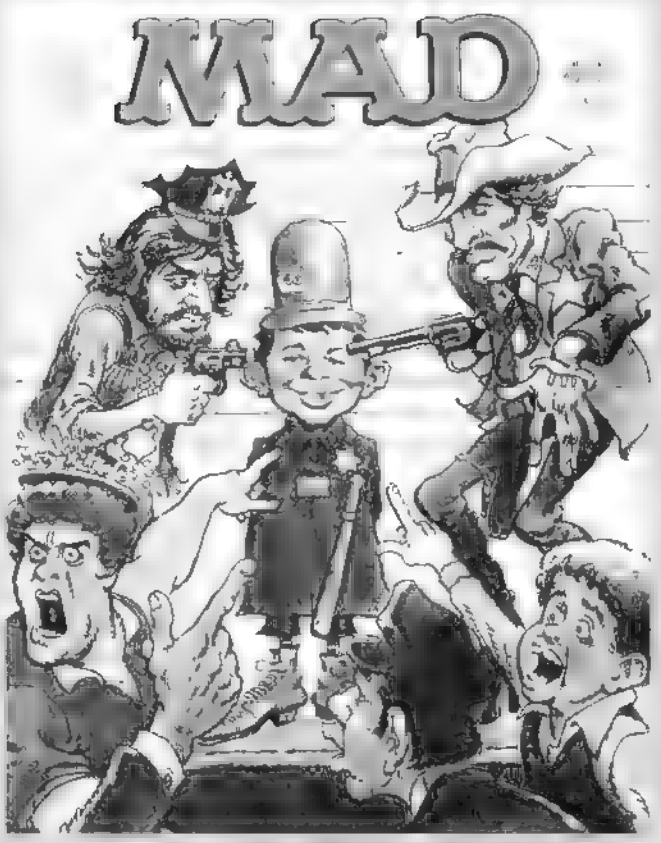


MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL

COVER...

...AND ONE

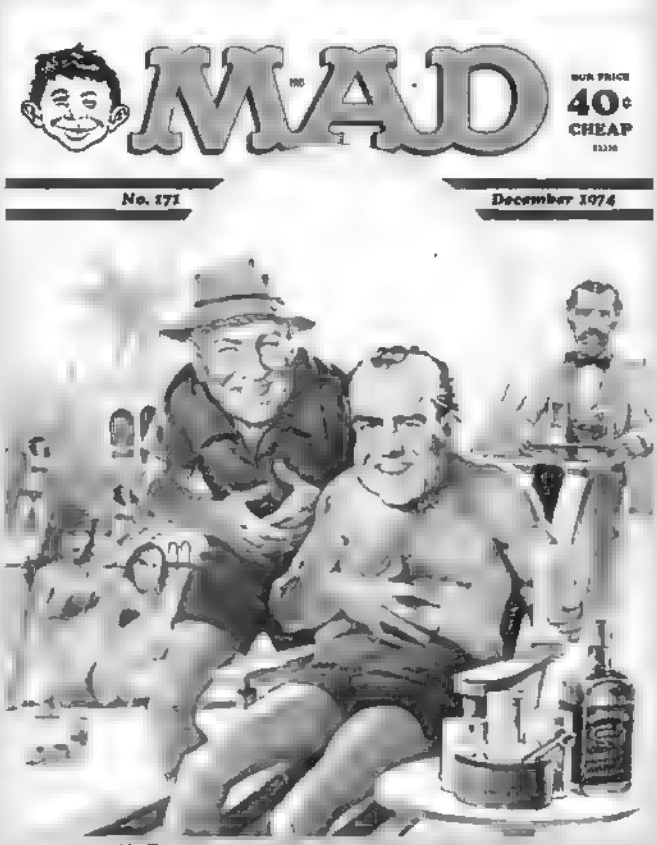


MOMENT LATER!

THE ORIGINAL

COVER...

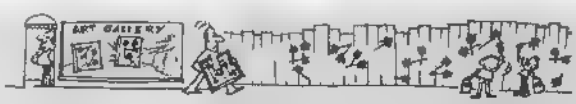
...AND THREE



YEARS LATER!

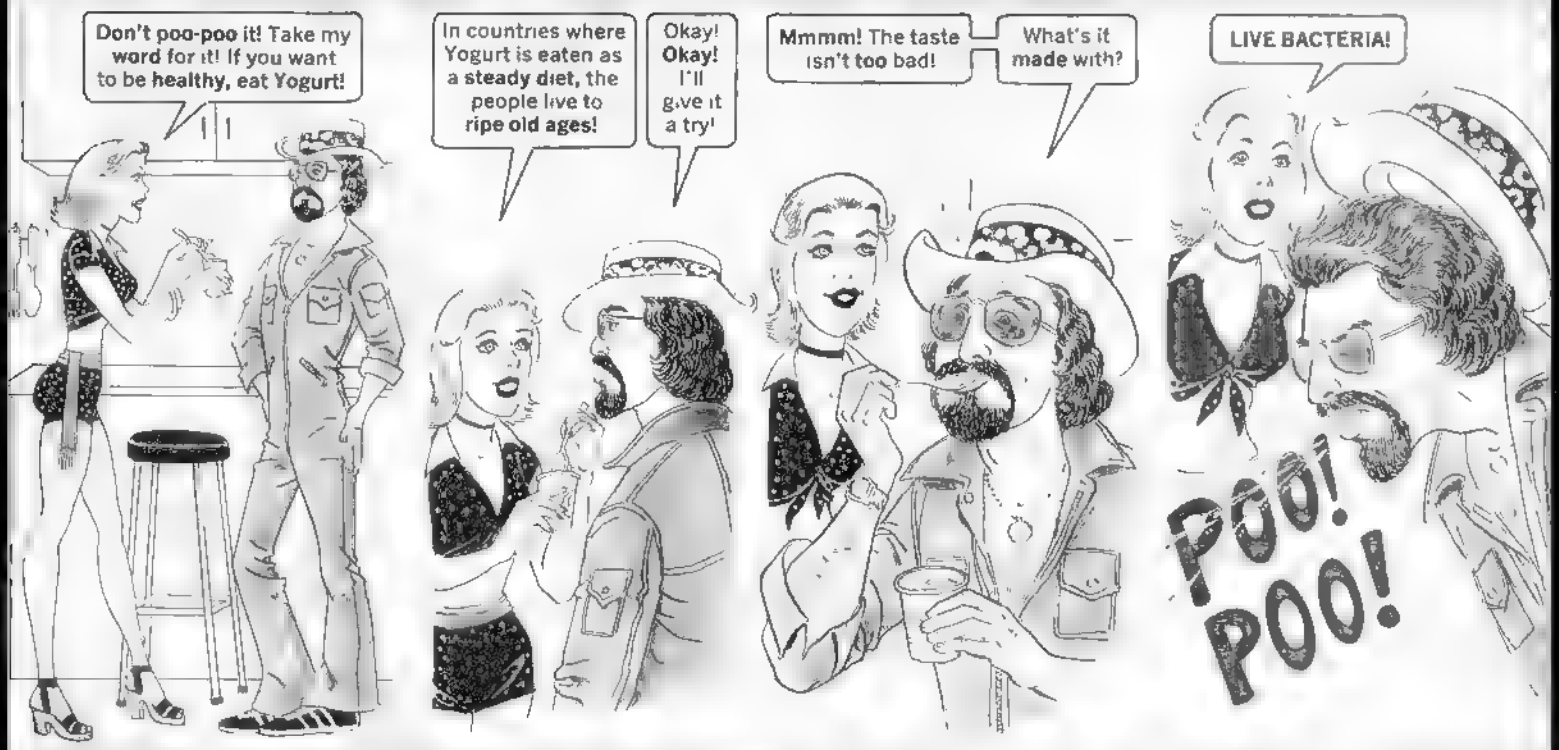
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... HEALT



H NUTS

ARTIST & WRITER·
DAVE BERG



Hey! Look who just joined our jogging group! Leon Lobel!
No kidding! Welcome to our club!
Hey, Leon, baby! You're jogging like an old pro!
ME . . . a JOGGER?! You think I'm crazy?!? Like you nuts?! The Doctor told me I gotta slow down and take it easy!
So why are you running??
I'm LATE for my NAP!!
Well, Mr. Gleek, I've gone over all of your tests . . . and they show that you're terribly undernourished! Have you been on some sort of "fad diet" lately . . . ??
Yes, Doctor! I have!
Oh? Who's been advising you?
"Fatties Anonymous"!
Really?! And what OTHER kind of stupid advice have they been giving you?!?
They told me to come see YOU!
You're a very attractive woman . . . and I would love to kiss you! But kissing is extremely unsanitary!
Don't te l me you're one of those "GERM FREAKS"?!
The human mouth is a seething cauldron of disease-carrying bacteria! Much as I'd like to, it would be very unhealthy for me to try to kiss you!
.t sure would!! But not for YOUR dumb reasons!
That's my HUSBAND standing behind you!

Oh, my poor darling! There's a draft in this room! I'd better shut the window . . .

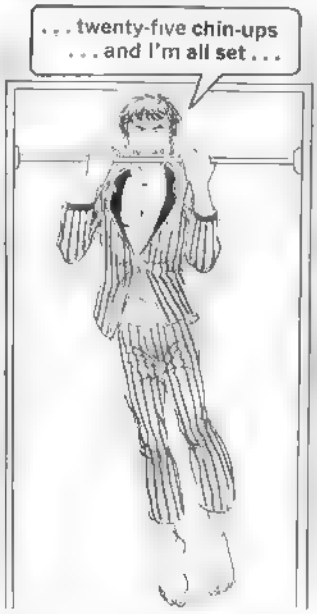
After all . . . I wouldn't want anything to happen to you! You're so sweet . . . so very dear to me!

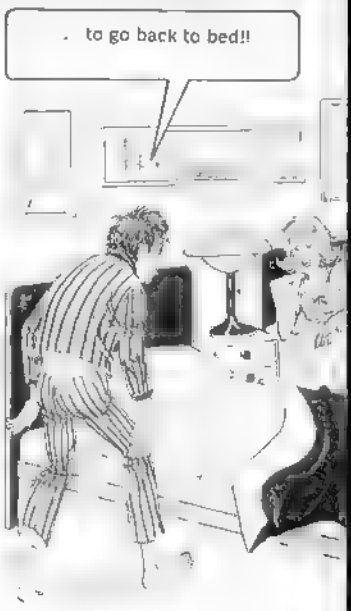
Gee, I sure appreciate your concern! You probably saved me from a cold . . . or a bout with the flu! Thank you!

Don't thank me! I was talking to the PLANT!!

Man . . . there's nothing like waking up early and getting a good morning workout!

Twenty-five deep-knee-bends . . . twenty-five push-ups . . .

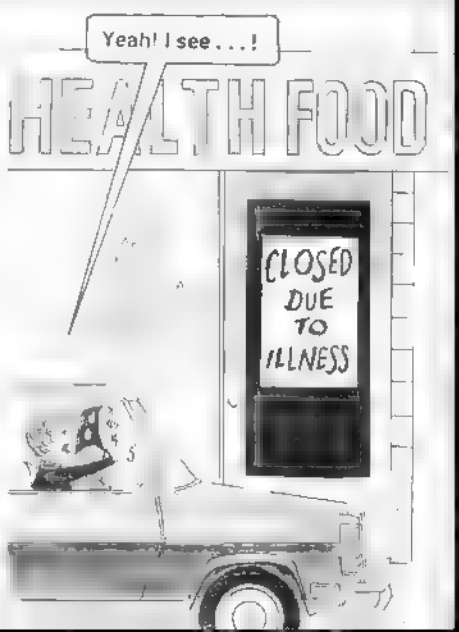

. . . twenty-five chin-ups . . . and I'm all set . . .


. to go back to bed!!

Come with me to the Health Food Store! I need eggs, fruits and vegetables!
The Health Food Store?!? That's way across town! What's wrong with the Supermarket's eggs, fruits and vegetables?!?

The eggs are not fertile, and the fruits and vegetables are not grown organically!
Boy, you really are into this "natural food" stuff!

You bet! Today's foods are processed, and chemically treated with additives, and robbed of their nutrition! Eating natural foods is the only way to STAY HEALTHY!


Yeah! I see . . . !
HEALTH FOOD
CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

Shhhh! My daughter Nancy is meditating!
DO NOT DISTURB
What does THAT mean?
Let's tip-toe into the next room, and I'll tell you . . .
She's into Transcendental Meditation! It's supposed to, relieve tension, lower blood pressure and solve many other health and mental problems!
Does it work?
For HER! It's turned her into a calm, mellow person!
BUT IT'S MAKING A BLITHERING NERVOUS WRECK OF ME!!
Finster Junior High School!
I'm calling in reference to one of your students, Marcy Kaputnik!
The Doctor has recommended that Marcy be excused from Gym Class because the exertion is bad for her health! And besides, the other kids laugh at her whenever she does anything klutzy!
I see! And may I ask to whom I am speaking . . . ?
This is my Mother!
I cannot believe that you are actually more than ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD!
I just can't figure it! You break all the rules! You smoke like a chimney! You drink hard liquor! You eat all the wrong foods!
Today, we know that smoking gives you cancer, and that drinking hard liquor gives you cirrhosis of the liver, and that eating junk foods is like eating poison! So—how in heck did you DO it?
Maybe because I was born before they discovered all those things were so bad!?!
David Berg

PADDING THE BILL DEPT.

Whenever you get a bill from the Phone Company or the Electric Company, there's always a little "Newsletter" enclosed. They're usually filled with good news. Good news for them...bad news for you! Like increased rates, reduced services, etc. Those of you who pay your bills are familiar with these Newsletters. But for the majority of MAD Readers who've never seen one because they merely send their bills back unopened and marked "Addressee Deceased," here are a few examples:

Conned Edison Customer News

"OPERATION NIGHT WATCH" STARTS NEXT MONTH

Because so many of our Customers work, or are out during the day when our Meter Readers come to call, CONNED EDISON is inaugurating a new service starting next month.

Designated as "Operation Night Watch," our Meter Readers will no longer go out during the day, but will come to your home between 3:00 and 6.00 A.M. to read your meter.

Yes, an extensive series of experimental tests proved that 97% of our Customers are home during the hours of 3:00 and 6:00 A.M., making the chance of reading your meter almost a certainty.

Of course, our Meter Readers will be on "triple time" during those hours, and we'll most certainly be passing on the increased costs as soon as we can.

SAVE MONEY

You can conserve energy and save at the same time by following these helpful CONNED EDISON hints:

- If you read in bed, try using a 40 or 60 watt bulb instead of the proper 100 watt bulb. You'll save a few cents, and—who knows?—you may not even ruin your eyes and have to give it all back a hundred-fold to some Eye Doctor.
- If you heat electrically, try lowering your thermostat. This will result in a minor saving, as long as you don't mind subjecting yourself and your family to arthritis, bad colds, influenza, pneumonia and other respiratory diseases.
- When you go out, shut off all lights. This can save up to $3.00 a month, providing you don't mind risking having your house broken into, which can cost you thousands.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

Customer Questions Answered

QUESTION: Why do you constantly raise your rates?

ANSWER: We do not constantly raise our rates. Many people fail to realize that Electric & Power Companies come under close Government supervision. For example, in 1976, we asked for rate increases 48 times, but we were only allowed to raise our rates 12 times. A mere once a month raise is certainly not "constantly"!

QUESTION: How can I tell if my bill is being calculated properly?

ANSWER: You can double-check our figures yourself. Here's the simple formula: Take the pk/dmd/kwhr reading, and divide it into w/a/h periods. Using a base rate of 6.0023 for the first period, and 40% of the base rate for each subsequent period, multiply by the base rates and add in the fu/ad/per of 3.1417 for each kwr, which most people forget.

QUESTION: How can I tell if the man who comes to read my meter is really from Conned Edison?

ANSWER: Ask him.

QUESTION: Why don't you pay interest on the huge Security Deposits you require from your Customers? You deposit them in Banks where they earn interest for you. Why not pass it on to your Customers?

ANSWER: Security Deposits

LL TELEPHONE NEWS

SAVING MONEY

Saving money on your phone bill is the name of the game these days, and BULL TELEPHONE has prepared several booklets that will help you do just that. For your copy of "Saving Money On Long Distance Calls," dial 808-555-2300* in Hawaii and ask the operator for booklet R-456. She'll just ask you a dozen or so questions about your Long Distance phone habits and then send you the free booklet.

Did you know that when you use your phone during the 9-to-5 heavy-load business hours, you pay top rates, but you can save money at other times? For a free copy of "Reduced Phone Rates Across The U.S.A.", dial 907-555-5678* in Alaska any day from 9-to-5 and our operators will give you the phone number in your area where you can order your free booklet.

*These calls will be charged at Regular Long Distance rates.

BULL TEL SETS RECORD TIME FOR DIGGING UP AND REPAVING STREET

Because we are well aware that whenever we dig up a street we confuse and slow traffic, we've been trying to speed up operations wherever possible.

Recently, in New York City, we set a new record: Three days to tear up a major thoroughfare and only five days to repave it! Unfortunately, in our zeal to work fast, we forgot to lay the new cable which was our reason for tearing up the street in the first place. So we'll start over again next month, and work at a somewhat slower pace.

Well, these Newsletters that come with the bills from Big Companies got us to thinking: How could we fill up a few pages of MAD with an article about them? And so, we came up with this premise...

WHAT IF A NEWSLETTER CAME WITH EVERY BILL?

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

TENANT TIP-OFFS

A MONTHLY REPORT FROM YOUR LANDLORD

HEADACHES...HEADACHES...HEADACHES...

What causes headaches? There are many many contributing factors. A noted authority (who also happens to be an owner of this building) knows of three:

First, the smell of paint can make many people sick, can cause them to lose their appetites, and can give them terrible headaches. To avoid that kind of suffering among the tenants of our building, we are happy to announce that there will be no painting of hallways, apartments or even the outside of the structure for an indefinite period.

Second, excessive heat can cause violent headaches. A stuffy room can not only help to inflict unnecessary pain, but it can also make one feel logy, listless and just plain-out-of-sorts. Therefore, as an additional service to our tenants, in order to insure their comfort, we will turn the heat way, way down, especially during those protracted cold spells in January and February.

Third, the smell of toxins, such as those found in various roach and bug sprays, can cause nausea, dizziness and painful headaches. Therefore, to avoid such exposure, we have decided to eliminate the monthly visits of our Exterminator.

MEET THE EMPLOYEES

This Month:

Andy "Lightfingers" Nickerson

You've probably seen Andy outside your window many times. Unfortunately he shouldn't be outside your window, since his job doesn't take him anywhere near them. But Andy does have an interest in Photography, so we can't be too hard on him.

Most of you first heard of Andy after the big flood last month that started on the top floor and ruined your furniture and carpets. Andy was the one who first opened a pipe up there, and then went all the way down to the basement to try and find the shut-off valve.

He was also the one who caused the third and fourth floor walls to be blown out when he looked for a gas leak with his cigarette lighter.

Although we never suggest seeking outside professional help (which you have to pay for yourself) when a problem arises, we do advise you to think twice before admitting "Lightfingers" Nickerson into your apartment.

ELEVATOR SERVICE RESTORED

After being out of service for five short months, we are happy to inform you that we were finally able to locate the replacement part needed—a 15 watt miniature bulb—and our elevator is running again.

However, efficient elevator service being a costly item these days, we have decided that it is only fair to divide these costs among those who use the elevator.

Therefore, we will be adding a $1.00 per floor surcharge to your next month's rent bill. The higher up you live, the more you will pay—which is, of course, only fair.

If you decide to walk up from now on instead of using the elevator, kindly telephone the Building Manager each time you do, and he will ask you to come down to the basement to pick up a dated credit slip. This system is necessary to prevent cheating.

PIPE DREAMS & SCHEMES

NEWS & VIEWS OF PAUL THE PLUMBER

EMERGENCY ANSWERING SERVICE ENDS JAN. 1

In order to save money and not raise my rates too much, certain cut-backs have to be made. Starting Jan. 1, my 24-hour Emergency Answering Service will be discontinued, and a new "Call Me Yourself" system will be inaugurated. For EMERGENCIES ONLY (There will be a $10.00 charge for any NON-EMERGENCY USE of these numbers!), please have me paged at the following:

WEEK DAYS: Pine Hollow Golf Course	385-7799
WEEK DAY EVES: Sammy's Bar & Grill	555-1234
WEEK ENDS: Hudson Harbor Yacht Club	566-9876

15% MISCELLANEOUS "GOOK" CHARGE TO BE ADDED TO ALL FUTURE BILLS

You may have noticed that most Plumbing Jobs require not only tools that I can use over and over again, but a certain amount of materials which I must replenish—such as Pipe Dope, Joint Sealer, Putty, Gasket Seal, etc.

In order to help cover the cost of these various materials (known in the trade as "Gooky Stuff"), I am forced to add a 15% surcharge to all future bills.

NEW SYSTEM MAKES BILL-PAYING EASIER

There's nothing worse than having to make out a check, or trying to find a misplaced bill, or searching for a stamp, etc. So starting Friday, I am instituting a new "Bill-Paying System" which will eliminate all those inconveniences.

From Friday on, all bills must be paid IN CASH within ten minutes after I present them to you.

This system will also eliminate MY inconvenience of having to pay Income Taxes.

MEDICAL MUSINGS

FROM THE OFFICE OF HY PRYCED, M.D.
500 Wilshire Blvd. Los Angeles, Ca.

WAITING ROOM FOR PATIENTS TO BE DISCONTINUED

Due to ever-increasing costs, it is with much regret that I must announce the elimination of my Office Waiting Room. The present Waiting Room will be sub-let

This will mean that, as of next month, patients must arrive promptly for their appointments. If you have a 3:00 appointment, you must arrive EXACTLY at 3:00 P.M. If you have a 4:00 o'clock appointment, you must arrive EXACTLY at 4:00 P.M., etc.

In the event I am running late, I will not answer the buzzer, and you will just have to wait in the building lobby until I call down for you on the intercom.

WHERE EACH DOLLAR YOU PAY GOES

Since many business establishments send out a break-down of where their income dollars go, I now offer my patients the following chart:

THE FINSTER FUEL OIL FLASH

HOT NEWS FROM FINSTER, YOUR LOCAL FUEL OIL AND HEATING EQUIPMENT DEALER

"YEAR-ROUND AVERAGE" DELIVERIES TO START NEXT MONTH

Through the years, we have found it almost impossible to determine how much fuel oil our Customers will need in any given month. For example, in cold weather, some of our Customers might order as much as 500 or even 1000 gallons a month But then, in Summer, they never even give us a call to find out how we are! And this also makes it very difficult to keep our trucks and employees working all year round.

So, starting next month, our Customers will be taking deliveries of heating oil on a TWELVE MONTH, YEAR-ROUND CONTRACT basis.

Yes, we have totalled your heating oil purchases for the last 12 months, and we will be delivering 1/12th of that amount every month from now on ..both Winter and Summer.

This "Year Round Average" delivery system will mean that most of you will be getting hundreds of gallons of heating oil during June, July and August, when you don't really need it, and the same amounts during December, January and February, when you'll be needing much, much more So you'll either have to heat your homes during the Summer to make room for new deliveries, and lower your thermostats during the Winter to stretch your monthly allotment...OR...invest in a larger fuel oil storage tank!

We happen to be running a "Sale" on Large Fuel Oil Storage Tanks this month. Check our low, low prices. (Installation extra.)

THE ENERGY CRISIS

You can imagine how reluctant we are to raise heating oil prices again. After all, even the owners of Finster Fuel Oil and Heating Equipment Co. need to buy home heating oil (although they do use somewhat less than most of their Customers since they all live in the Bahamas). But rest assured that the Oil Industry is doing its very best to find alternate sources of energy.

For example, the Oil Industry has recently undertaken a multi-million dollar Research and Development Program to see if the warm, gentle breezes of some gorgeous South Pacific islands can be harnessed and turned into valuable new sources of energy.

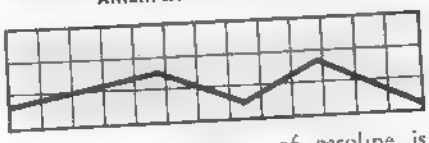
As a matter of fact, the Editor of your monthly Finster Fuel Oil Flash is happy to report that he has been asked to participate in this program, and will be slaving away for the next three weeks in Tahiti, helping to find out what—if any—use can be made of these South Pacific breezes.

However, to cover the cost of this important Research and Development Program, the Oil Industry will raise the price of #2 Home Heating Oil at least 3¢ a gallon next month, which we will reluctantly pass on to you along with our usual mark-up.

GREASE-MONKEY BUSINESS

NEWS AND NOTES FROM THE FOLKS AT "JOE'S GARAGE AND SERVICE STATION"

AMERICA SAVES GASOLINE!



This year, consumption of gasoline is down 5% over last year. Which means that Americans are making a strong and patriotic effort to save gasoline (although the fact that the price of gas is up some 50% over what it was may have played some small part!)

LOW VOLUME BUYERS TO BE CUT FROM OUR CREDIT LISTS

In order to continue offering fast, efficient and courteous service to our valuable Credit Card customers, we must "weed out" those Card users who are not buying enough gasoline monthly. At the end of the current billing period, we will audit our books So if you wish to continue to receive ALL the benefits and convenience of a Credit Account with us (We will no longer repair cars belonging to persons who do not have a "Joe's Garage Credit Card," nor will we lend out Rest Room keys, or respond to emergency calls or offer towing services, etc.), we suggest that you come in and fill up your tank immediately and continue to do so throughout the coming months Since we at JOE's are always happy to help our customers, we are offering a free booklet entitled, "Interesting Places To Visit That are More Than 500 Miles From Joe's Garage And Service Station." Why not make a special trip down and get your copy today?

SMALL ECONOMY CARS UNSAFE!

In a recently completed unbiased test run by JOE himself, it was proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that small, cramped, so-called "economy" cars cannot stand up to accidents as well as their "comfortable" big brothers

In the test, a "Pinto" was almost totally demolished when it was placed in the path of a speeding bus, yet a "Cadillac" sustained almost no damage when placed in the path of a speeding bicycle

Of course, larger cars use a fraction more fuel than smaller cars (if you consider 80% a fraction!), but isn't saving your life worth it?

REPAIRED CARS MUST BE PICKED UP PROMPTLY

Effective immediately, any car that is not picked up within 6 hours after being repaired will be charged our daily $8.00 parking fee

Space is money in our business, and so we have no alternative but to adopt this policy

Also, any car left here over 5 days will become our property, and we reserve the right to do anything we want with it.

The owner of a Cadillac left with us for a lube job 6 days ago can pick it up at our Test Site (See preceeding article). The owner of a Pinto left with us for repairs 8 days ago can pick it up on 122nd Street and Selma Avenue...and on 129th Street and Bell Avenue...and on 131st Street between Maple and Green Avenues.

UP THEIRS! DEPT.

YOU DON'T GIVE OTHER PEOPLE

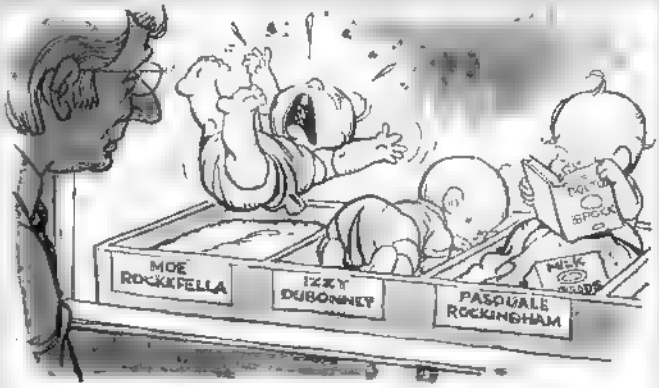
ARTIST: BOB JONES

. . you wear T-shirts that don't have idiotic slogans or pictures on them.

. . . you're a Producer and you make a movie that takes place *after* 1947.

. . you buy a fantastically revealing swim suit . . . and actually *swim* in it.

. . . you take a trip to Hollywood and you don't stop once to take pictures in front of Lucille Ball's house (or ring her bell and ask for an autographed picture for your Aunt).



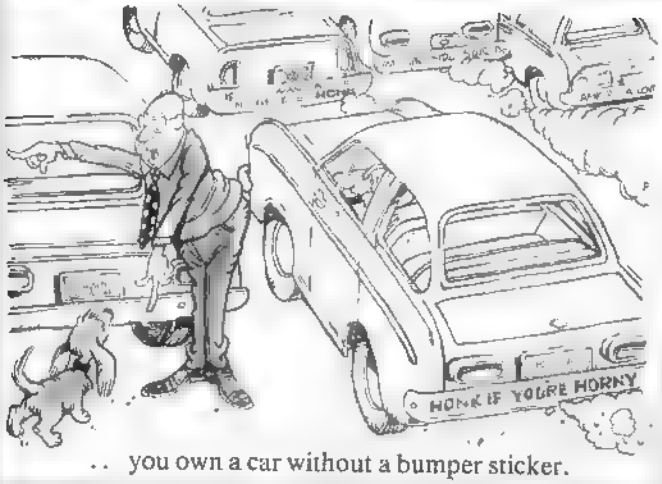
. . . you give your new baby a good old-fashioned ethnic name like Moe or Izzy or Pasquale, instead of today's usual crop like Lance or Ian or Craig or Charlemagne.

. . . you show up at the ridiculous hour of 8:30 P.M., even though the party invitation clearly states you are *expected* at 8:30 P.M.

. . . you date a Stewardess . . . and admit to your friends the next day that you didn't make out.

A %#*&!★? WHAT THINK WHEN...

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL IDEA BY: MARC BILGREY



. . you own a car without a bumper sticker.

. . . you hire a *White* player for your Pro Basketball Team.

. . . you buy yourself a pet *dog* instead of a pet ocelot, or pet monkey, or pet snake or pet rock.

. . . you have crooked teeth, and you refuse to have braces put on them.

. . . you have a freshly-paved sidewalk in front of your house with no initials scratched in it.

. . . you hobble around on a broken leg in a cast with no funny messages by your friends written all over it.

. . . you admit to the Newsdealer you buy MAD for yourself . . . and not for some fictitious 12-year-old idiot nephew.

HOME GROAN DEPT.

In addition to being stronger and wealthier than their children, parents have another big advantage in moments of conflict between generations. They have shelves of Child Psychology books to explain why their kids behave

THE MAD PARENTAL

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... SCHOOL INTEGRATION

They encourage you to make friends with classmates from minority groups . . . but they don't mean really close friends, like the kind you might bring home.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... MAINTAINING TRADITIONS

Like, your Dad wants everything about your college days to be exactly like his . . . except that you should get better grades and a better job offer at graduation time.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... HOBBIES

Especially your Dad, who can't understand why you waste your time collecting David Bowie records when you could be sharing his interest in collecting rare barbed wire.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... RADIOS

They must always be played at low volume, and turned off completely by 11 P.M., except, of course, when the ball game Dad's listening to goes into extra innings.

so badly. On the other hand, kids have never had even one Parent Psychology book to help them understand why Mom and Dad do all the kooky things they do. Until now, that is! Because that void is about to be filled with—

GUIDE TO HANG-UPS

WRITER. TOM KOCH

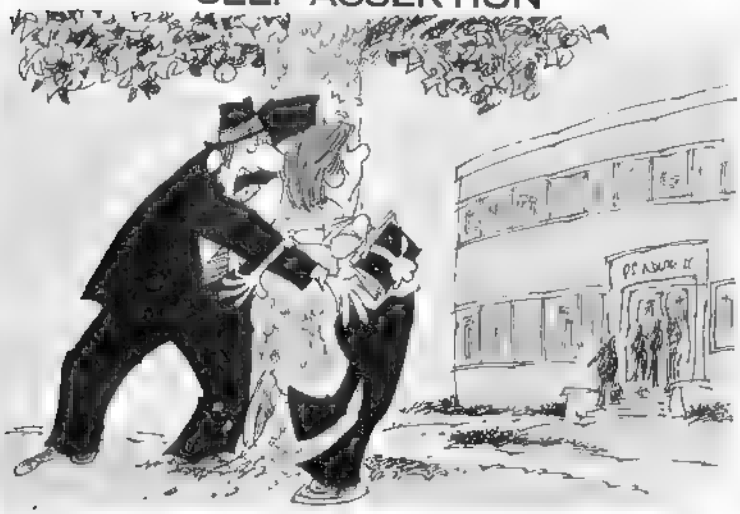
Parents Have A Hang-Up About... BEING ON THE DEFENSIVE

Which may explain why Dad starts pointing out all of your shortcomings every time you suggest that he should consider joining Alcoholics Anonymous.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... THEIR MIXED EMOTIONS

Which is why, when you're late, your Mom worries herself sick thinking you've been hurt in an accident, and then threatens to kill you when she finds out you haven't been.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... SELF-ASSERTION

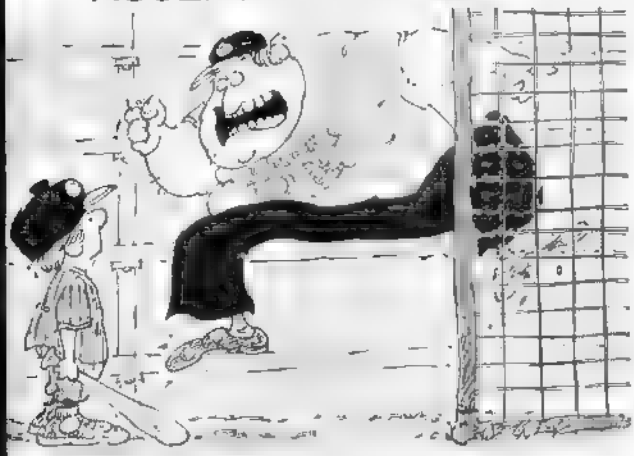


They think you should stand right up in school and tell your teacher to stop picking on you. "But, for heaven's sake, don't ever tell her who advised you to do that!"

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... PORCH LIGHTS

They can't seem to decide whether they're duty-bound to leave the light on and help you avoid being pawed, or turn it off and help you avoid being disappointed.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
ACCEPTING FAILURE



That's why you get more pressure to become a Little League star right after Dad suddenly realizes he's becoming a middle-aged nobody!

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
WOMEN'S LIB

They don't mind if you want a career, just so you finish it quickly, land a desirable husband and start presenting them with Grandchildren.

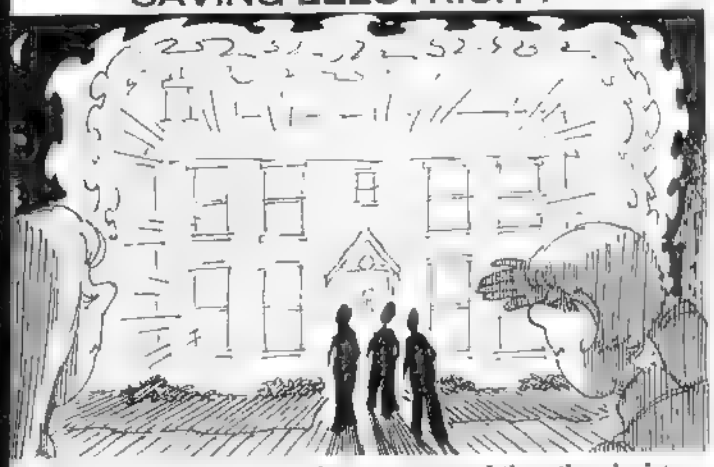
Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
MAKING MATURE DECISIONS

Which may help you to understand why your father weighs the merits of all the new cars, and then decides to buy a Buick—because that's the kind his Daddy always had.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
CLEANLINESS

In fact, the only thing that upsets them more than a dirty child is a dirty child who gets the bathroom dirty while he's getting himself clean.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SAVING ELECTRICITY



Except when you're having a party, and then they insist upon putting 200-watt bulbs in every lamp in the house.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
REMEMBERING YOUR FRIENDS

But Mom will never forget that girl you knew slightly—who had to drop out of school because she got pregnant.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
RELIGIOUS TRAINING

They want you to take it seriously . . . but not so seriously that you decide to become a Nun.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SELF-SACRIFICE

That's what compels your Dad to buy a brand new set of encyclopedias for you every time he buys a brand new set of golf clubs for himself.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
THEIR CHILDREN'S HANG-UPS

Especially a little kid's fear of the dark . . . since, as any fool knows, nothing can really hurt you except cholesterol, and the Teamsters Union.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
TELEVISION

They'd rather let you watch "Hawaii Five-O" than "Maude" because they feel a lot more comfortable answering your childish questions about mass murder than about s—e—x!

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
COMPETITIVE ACHIEVEMENT

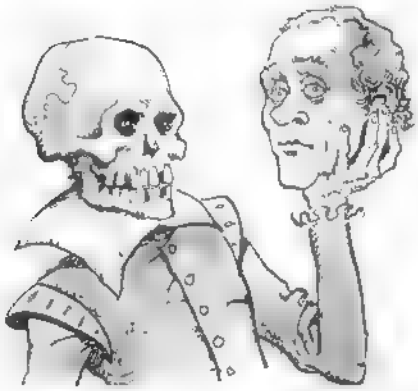
Which leads them to the strange belief that when you win, this somehow proves that they're superior parents.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOL

Because your Dad assumes that both he and your teacher got their information from reading the same dirty book.

A MAD TREASURY OF *Shakespeare's Lesser Known Quotations*

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: DENNIS SNEE



Could Richard stop death? Could Henry? If they were here, you could ask them.

* * *

Of valor, discretion is the better part; of dinner, dessert.

* * *

O! The dawn! Would it only come back in half an hour!

Women, Mercutio, are the itch we gladly scratch

* * *

In such a night did Orestes take flight, and tripping on a pail, did break his ass.

* * *

Trust not the woman, Horatio, who kisses her husband, then wipes her lips.

* * *

Doth yonder fat man think himself thin? Bring him, then, thy mirror, and none of my mutton.

If your boots are heavy, take them off. But pray, not here.

* * *

You speak of that adultress as if she were a rose, and you but a pound of fertilizer.

* * *

Yea, his evil may live after him, but his best suit he takes to the grave.

* * *

Her tears, Polonius, are as false as thy teeth.

* * *

Youth, in froth and frolic, play. But when age doth come, no elder catches the speedy young tart.

* * *

If something is rotten in Denmark, then haste: get thee to Sweden.

* * *

Talk and talk and talk. Were it not for ears, who would know?

* * *

Judge not Leonard by the length of his beard, nor its color, but by the number of crumbs therein.

* * *

Lo, in Heaven there sits a judge no king can corrupt. Nor will he lend money, save to certain close friends.

* * *

Better a solitary man than relatives in the bathroom.

* * *

A tragic tale is best for winter. In summer, 'tis off to the beach.

Sad, sad, and sad again. His love is gone, but his wife remains.

* * *

In the sight of men, take only your due. But when alone, grabbeth what you can.

* * *

Gladly I would drink the hemlock, my son, but then who would wash the cup? Not you, for sure. The state of thy room announces your talents.

A CREDIT TO THEIR RATINGS DEPT.

Here we go with MAD'S version of the weekly TV series about the Black family that's moved on up . . . from the Ghetto Slums . . . to

THE JAZZYSLUMS

Damn! Damn! What in heck is this apartment house coming to?! This morning, another minority group family moved in!

Mr. Jazzyslum, Whites are not a minority group!

On this show they are!!

I really think you make a lovely couple!

Why, that's a surprise! I never thought you felt Gorge and I made a lovely couple!

Oh, I STILL don't! What I meant was You make a lovely couple ALL BY YOURSELF!!

I rather respect Gorge for his accomplishments!

What accomplishments?

He raised himself out of the ghetto, didn't he?!?

That loudmouth shrimp didn't RAISE himself out of the ghetto! He was THROWN out! He was giving it a BAD NAME!!

Actually, Pop's BARK is worse than his BITE! Just ask Mom!

She thinks so?

She knows so!! This morning, he BIT her!

I sure wish everyone would quiet down so I can say something and show what a DUMB HONKY I am!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

I just had an awful experience in the elevator, Looweez!

This good-looking man was in front of me . . . when suddenly the lights went out! And the next thing I knew, indecent advances were being made!

The lights came back on . . . and I had to stop making those indecent advances!

Who cares!?

And then what happened?

Mrs. J, I quit —for the 24th time in the regular season, and the 13th time in re-runs!

What is it this time, Florist?

It's Mr. Jazzyslum! He's got some nerve! In the kitchen just now, he asked me to perform an unnatural act for him!

Good God! What did he ask you to do . . .?!?

Make him breakfast!

Damn, damn, damn! The Government is investigating me! Can you imagine!? They've got the nerve to say that I discriminate against WHITES!

Well, Gorge . . . you DON'T have a single white person working for you!!

That's just a coincidence!

Out of nearly five-hundred employees?!?

So . . . it's a LARGE coincidence! I don't discriminate! In fact some of my best friends are Whites

That's impossible, Gorge! You don't HAVE any friends!

I'm afraid Gorge is as big a bigot as Archie Bunker!

Oh, I wouldn't say that!

You're right! He's a BIGGER bigot than Archie Bunker! There're more of them to HATE than there are of us!

Calling me a bigot!! Can you imagine that??

No, I can't!

That proves NOTHING, Pop!

That proves it!

On this show, I don't HAVE an imagination!

But doesn't it strike you funny that you're so prejudiced, while your son and your wife and your mother are so liberal?!?

It must strike SOMEBODY funny! We've been on prime time for over three years!

Gorge, why do you act so idiotic? After all, you ARE successful and we live well!

Because I'm SUPPOSED to act like a jerk!

I don't understand that!

Don't you see? On TV, a Black man can either be smart and live like a slob—like Fred Sanford—or be stupid and live well—like ME!

Didn't you hear the doorbell ring?

Yeah . . . but it's always the same tune, and it don't hold my interest!

Florist

I know you're our Sleep-In Maid, but can you please do your sleeping at NIGHT?!?

Oh, I didn't know Gorge was home! I thought he'd be out celebrating!

Celebrating? What day is today . . . ?

It's Idi Amin's birthday!

You're not welcome here in my house! I don't want nothing to do with two people who have no right to be married!

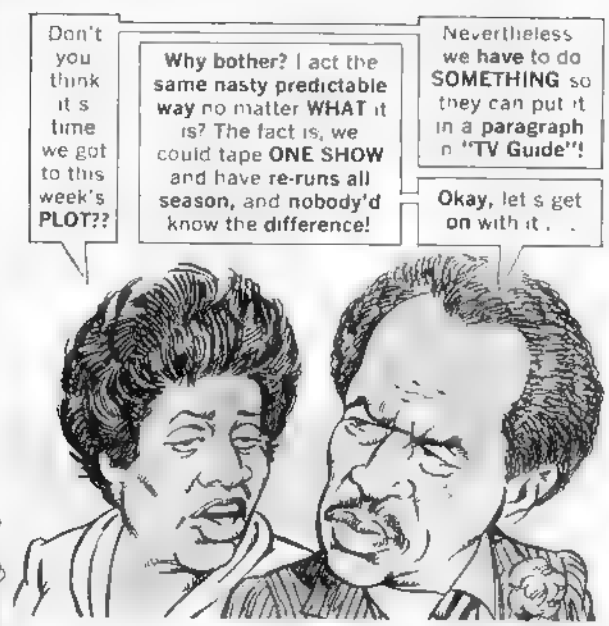
That's so narrow-minded of you! Just because I'm White and Helen is BLACK!

That ain't it! I mean because she's so bright . . . and you're such a DORK!

But a marriage like that can work out! Look at you and Looweez!

Watch that!

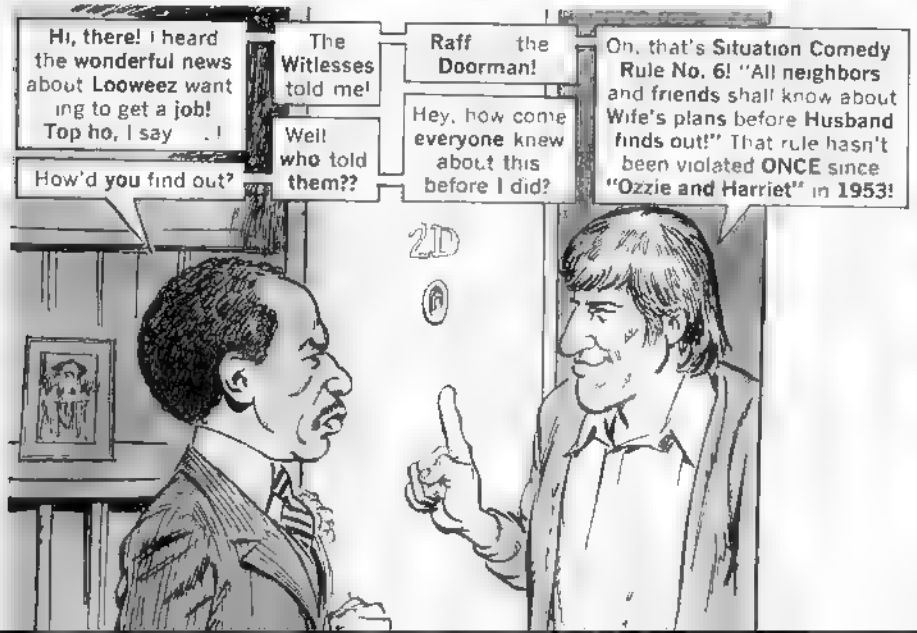
Sorry! Okay, look at Betty and Jerry Ford!!

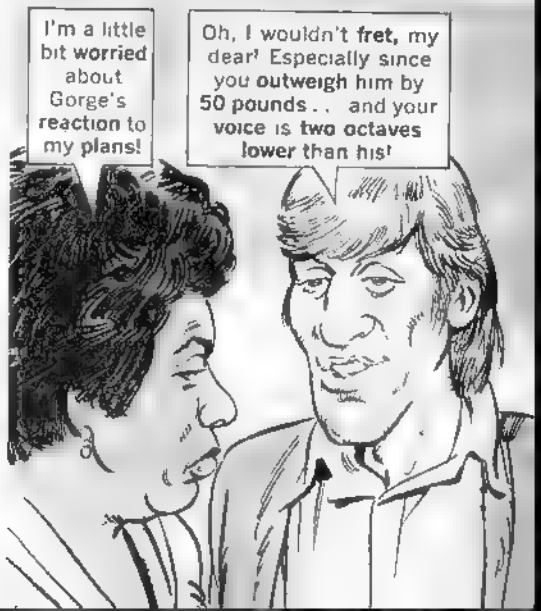

Don't you think it's time we got to this week's PLOT??
Why bother? I act the same nasty predictable way no matter WHAT it is? The fact is, we could tape ONE SHOW and have re-runs all season, and nobody'd know the difference!
Nevertheless we have to do SOMETHING so they can put it in a paragraph in "TV Guide"!
Okay, let's get on with it . . .

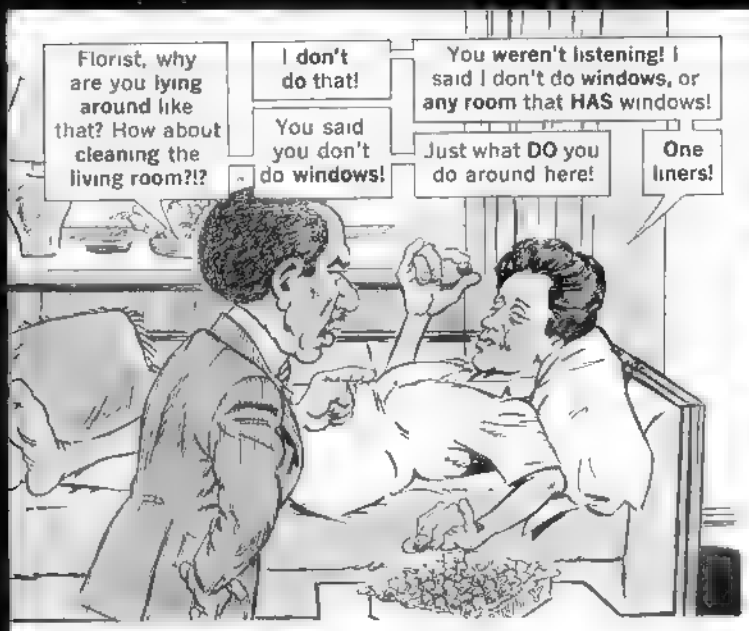
Gorge you seem very upset today!
You think he's going to ask you for money?
Well, Gorge, if we need money, I could always go out and get a job!
You think I'd work under those conditions?
A man from the Internal Revenue is coming to review my tax return!
Yeah, but I'm gonna tell him I gave at the office!
What?! No wife of mine is gonna work in some dirty, stinking hole—being underpaid by some nasty boss who yells at her all the time!
You would if you worked for me!

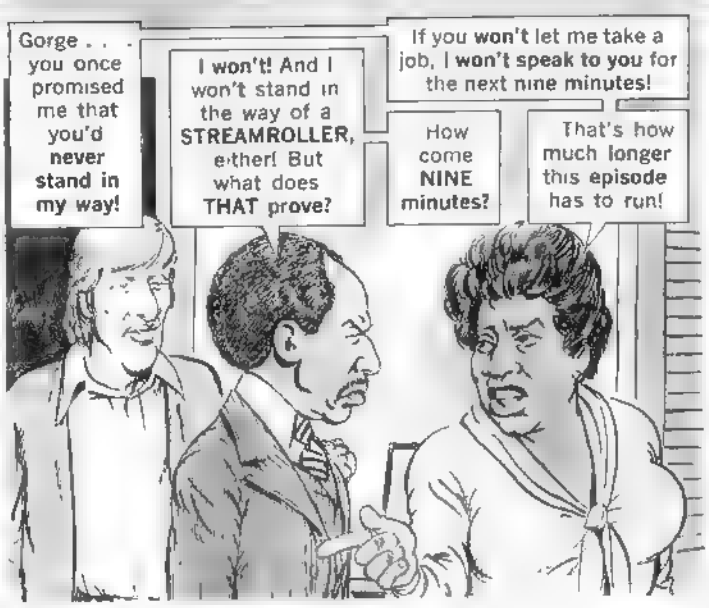
But I'd LIKE to work instead of hanging around the house all day long!
You're a very capable person, Mrs J.! I know that I'D let you work for ME!!
I do that NOW, Forsythe!
I want to be doing something DIFFERENT!
No way!! Why do you think I worked hard to build up a business that employs nearly 500 people ?!?
So you could FIRE them on Christmas Eve!
True! But it ain't ALL fun!

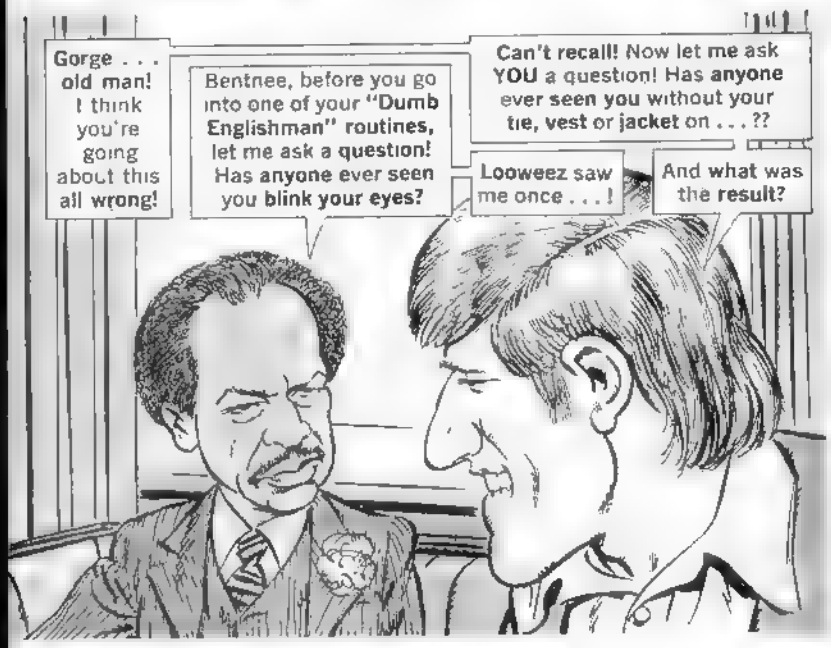
Looweez that's the third obscene phone call today! You'd better change your telephone number!
Why? What good would that do?
Then they wouldn't be able to trace the calls when I MAKE them!

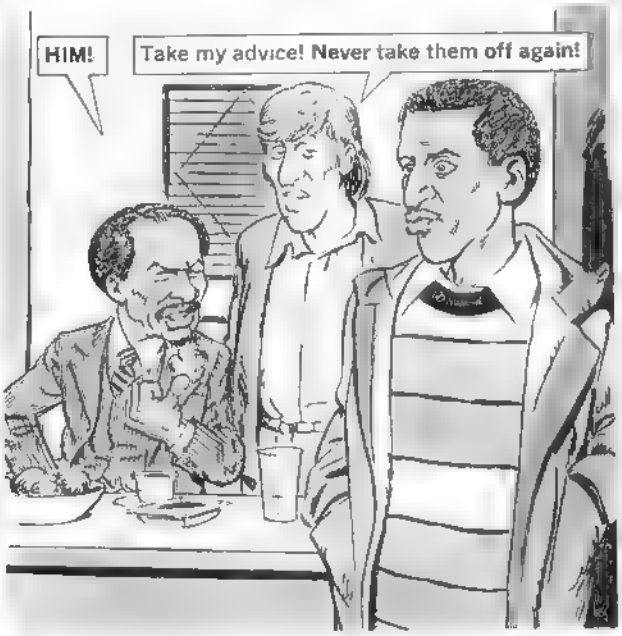

Hi, there! I heard the wonderful news about Looweez wanting to get a job! Top ho, I say . . .!
How'd you find out?
The Witlesses told me!
Well who told them??
Raff the Doorman!
Hey, how come everyone knew about this before I did?
Oh, that's Situation Comedy Rule No. 6! "All neighbors and friends shall know about Wife's plans before Husband finds out!" That rule hasn't been violated ONCE since "Ozzie and Harriet" in 1953!


I'm a little bit worried about Gorge's reaction to my plans!
Oh, I wouldn't fret, my dear! Especially since you outweigh him by 50 pounds . . and your voice is two octaves lower than his!


Florist, why are you lying around like that? How about cleaning the living room?!?
I don't do that!
You said you don't do windows!
You weren't listening! I said I don't do windows, or any room that HAS windows!
Just what DO you do around here!
One liners!


Gorge . . . you once promised me that you'd never stand in my way!
I won't! And I won't stand in the way of a STREAMROLLER, either! But what does THAT prove?
If you won't let me take a job, I won't speak to you for the next nine minutes!
How come NINE minutes?
That's how much longer this episode has to run!


Gorge . . . old man! I think you're going about this all wrong!
Bentnee, before you go into one of your "Dumb Englishman" routines, let me ask a question! Has anyone ever seen you blink your eyes?
Can't recall! Now let me ask YOU a question! Has anyone ever seen you without your tie, vest or jacket on . . . ??
Looweez saw me once . . . !
And what was the result?

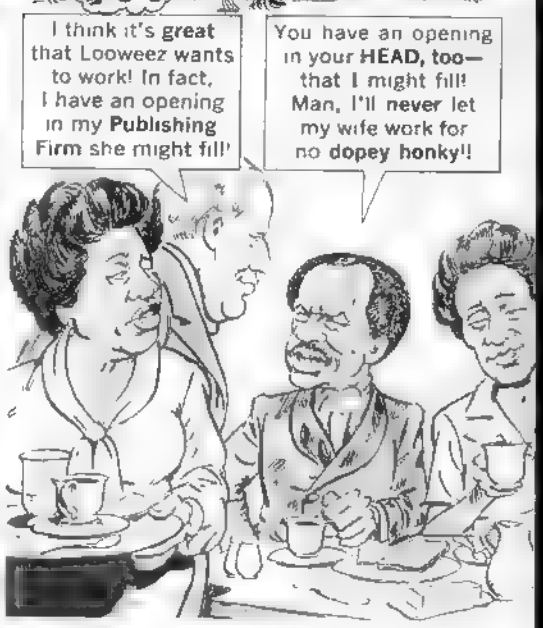

HIM!
Take my advice! Never take them off again!

I usually don't agree with Looweez, but this time, I think she's right! She SHOULD get out of the house!
Oh . . . ? Why . . . ??
Because with any luck, she'll STAY out!!
Why don't you like her, Mother?
Situation Comedy Rule No. 3 says, "No parent is allowed to be happy with the marital choice made by his or her son or daughter!" Why, if we didn't obey THAT rule, all you'd have left on Television would be "TALK SHOWS"!!

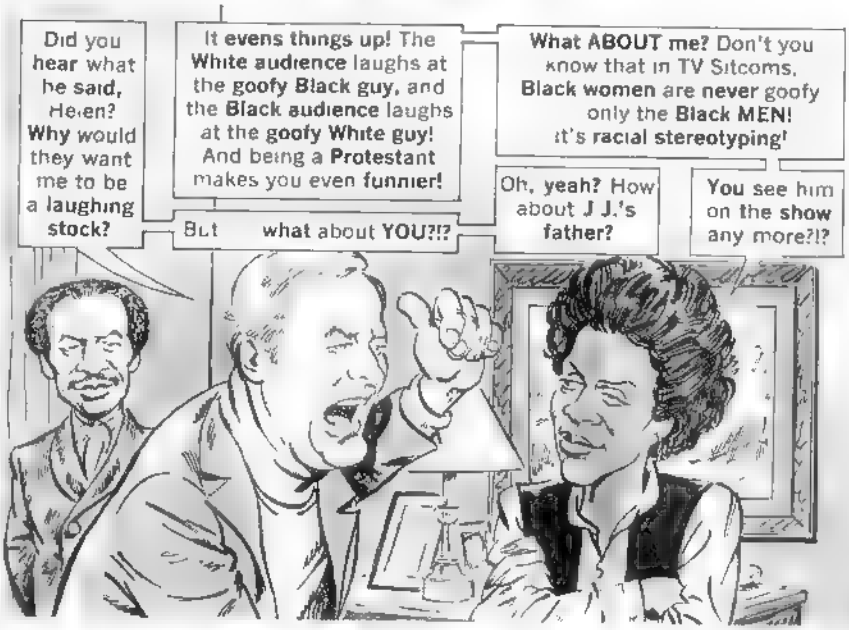
You've never liked Looweez, have you, Mother . . . ever since the day we were married . . . ?
That's right! I'll never forgive her for the undignified way she carried you over the threshold!
I thought I was going to carry you over!!

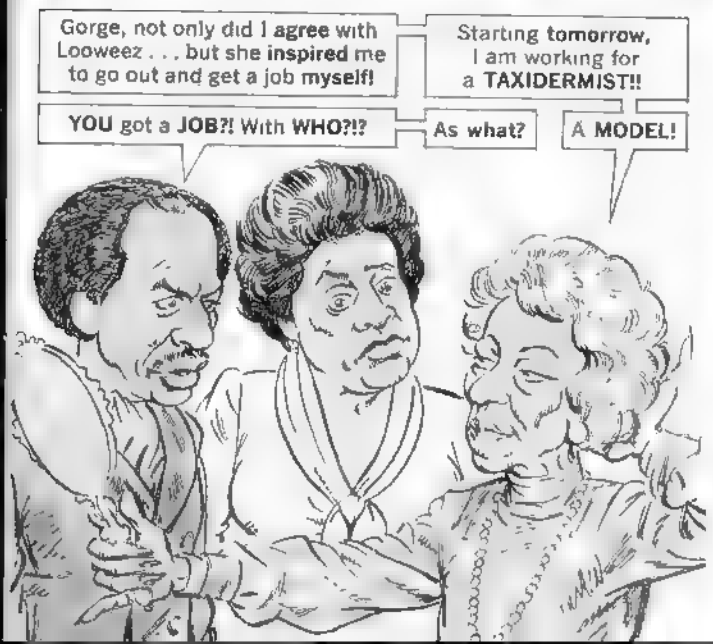
Gorge . . . let's talk calmly about my taking a job!
I don't WANT to discuss it, Looweez! Let's wait till we have a little more PRIVACY!
But we'll NEVER have any more privacy than we have now!
Oh, yeah . . . ?

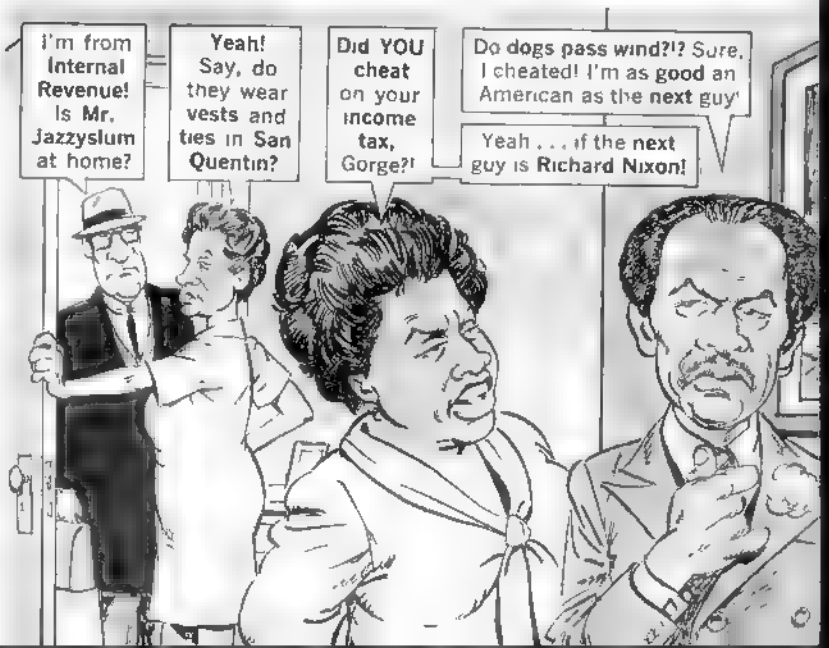
Say that again?
Florist, I KNOW you're a Sleep-in Maid . but must you sleep in here?!?

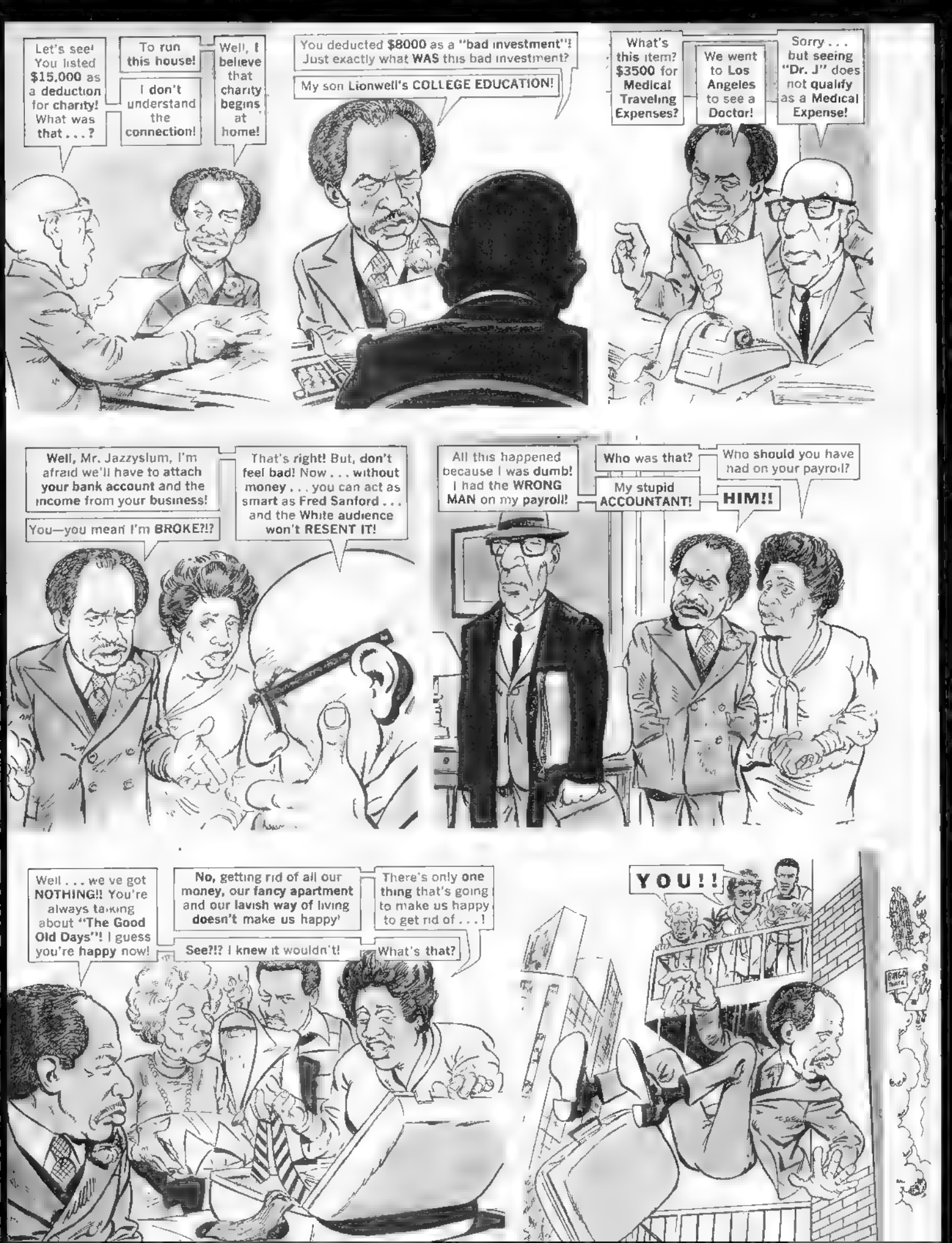

I think it's great that Looweez wants to work! In fact, I have an opening in my Publishing Firm she might fill!
You have an opening in your HEAD, too— that I might fill! Man, I'll never let my wife work for no dopey honky!!

Now listen here, Gorge! I didn't come here to be insulted . . . !
The HECK you didn't! Being the butt of my nasty jokes is the ONLY reason you're on this show in the first place!


Did you hear what he said, Helen? Why would they want me to be a laughing stock?
It evens things up! The White audience laughs at the goofy Black guy, and the Black audience laughs at the goofy White guy! And being a Protestant makes you even funnier!
But what about YOU?!?
What ABOUT me? Don't you know that in TV Sitcoms, Black women are never goofy only the Black MEN! It's racial stereotyping!
Oh, yeah? How about J J.'s father?
You see him on the show any more?!?

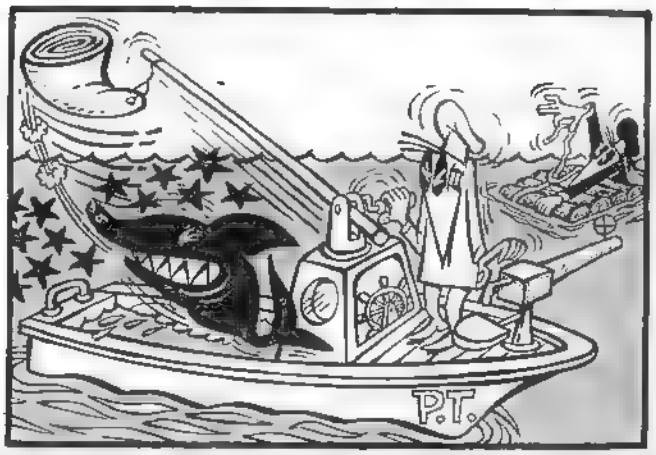

Gorge, not only did I agree with Looweez . . . but she inspired me to go out and get a job myself!
Starting tomorrow, I am working for a TAXIDERMIST!!
YOU got a JOB?! With WHO?!?
As what?
A MODEL!


I'm from Internal Revenue! Is Mr. Jazzyslum at home?
Yeah! Say, do they wear vests and ties in San Quentin?
Did YOU cheat on your income tax, Gorge?!
Do dogs pass wind?!? Sure, I cheated! I'm as good an American as the next guy!
Yeah . . . if the next guy is Richard Nixon!


Let's see! You listed $15,000 as a deduction for charity! What was that . . . ?
To run this house!
I don't understand the connection!
Well, I believe that charity begins at home!
You deducted $8000 as a "bad investment"! Just exactly what WAS this bad investment?
My son Lionwell's COLLEGE EDUCATION!
What's this item? $3500 for Medical Traveling Expenses?
We went to Los Angeles to see a Doctor!
Sorry . . . but seeing "Dr. J" does not qualify as a Medical Expense!
Well, Mr. Jazzyslum, I'm afraid we'll have to attach your bank account and the income from your business!
You—you mean I'm BROKE?!?
That's right! But, don't feel bad! Now . . . without money . . . you can act as smart as Fred Sanford . . . and the White audience won't RESENT IT!
All this happened because I was dumb! I had the WRONG MAN on my payroll!
Who was that?
My stupid ACCOUNTANT!
Who should you have had on your payroll?
HIM!!
Well . . . we've got NOTHING!! You're always talking about "The Good Old Days"! I guess you're happy now!
No, getting rid of all our money, our fancy apartment and our lavish way of living doesn't make us happy!
See?!? I knew it wouldn't!
There's only one thing that's going to make us happy to get rid of . . . !
What's that?
YOU!!

SPY VS SPY
BOOM
P.T.

P.T.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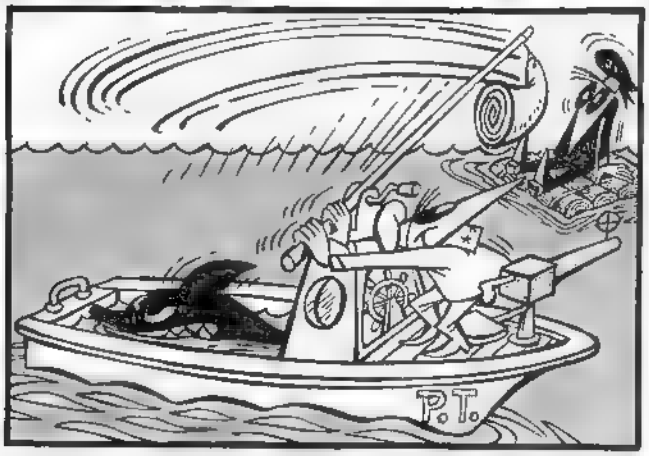
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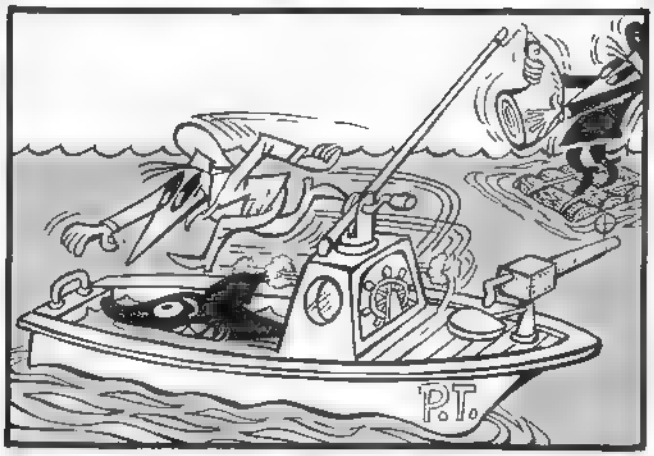
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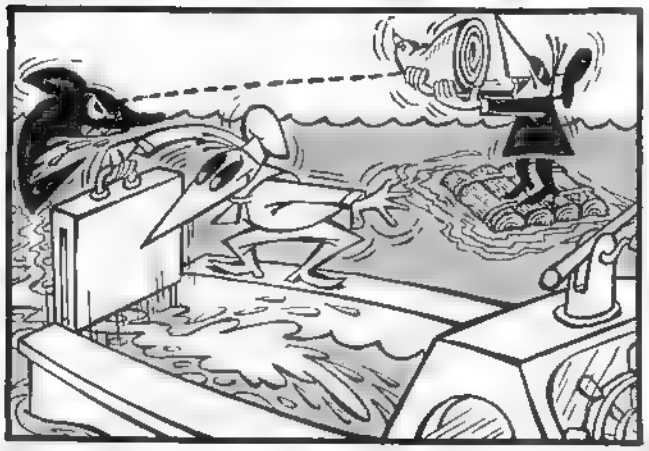
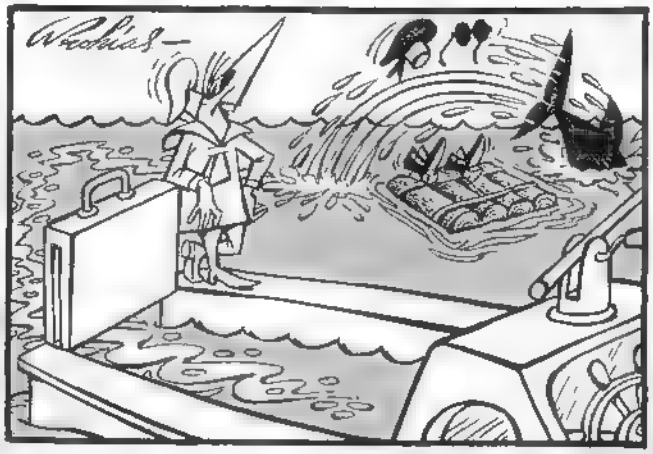
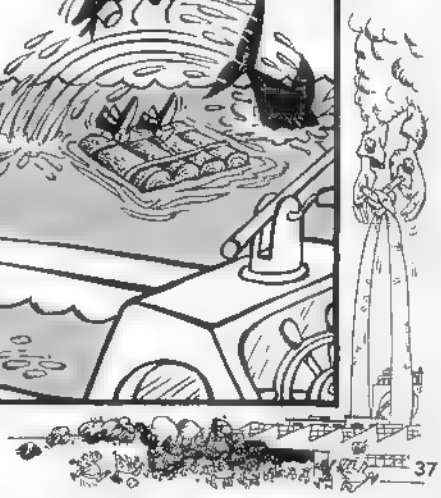






SHTICKS ON STONES DEPT.

Cemeteries are real downers, and they certainly aren't "fun" places to visit. But they *could* be if their tombstones and grave markers were jazzed up with

DISTINCTIVE M

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

inscriptions that told about the poor departed people beneath them in cute, light, clever, humorous ways. Mainly, we'd like to see something like these

MAD EPITAPHS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FOR A PRINTER

RIP

MORRIS
MEERSCHAUM
1920-1961
STOOD TOO CLOSE
TO THE PRESS:
NOW THIS IS
HIS ADDRESS.

FOR A VICTIM OF THE MOB

EDWARD
STARKRAVING
1922-1960
EDWARD LEARNED
WITH DISMAY
LOANSHARKS MEAN
WHAT THEY SAY.

FOR A HEART ATTACK VICTIM

DWIGHT
FLENSCH
1903-1970
DWIGHT PULLED THROUGH
WITH GREAT WILL:
THEN, ALAS,
CAME THE BILL.

FOR A DOG FANCIER

DUDLEY
GROOM
1904-1973
NO ONE TOLD
POOR OLD DUDLEY
DOBERMANS
JUST AREN'T CUDDLY.

FOR A MOTORIST

GLENN
SCHNIDER
1937-1975
TRIED TO PASS
TRAILER TRUCK:
LOSTHIS GUT QUICK
WHAT'S A SCHMUCK.

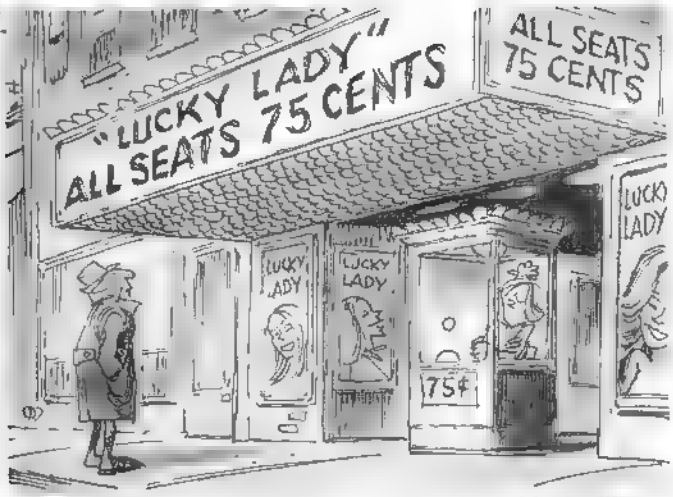
FOR A SKY DIVER

KNUTE
KNOPP
1935-1976
IN MID AIR,
HIGHLY KNUTE
LEARNED THAT NOTHING
ATE HIS GUTS.

WE SHOULD LIVE SO LONG DEPT.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



...theaters that raise prices when they show biggies like "The Godfather" cut prices when they show a bomb.

...those radicals who sneer at the Establishment make it on their own without food stamps, welfare or ripping off people.

...the money donated to charities goes to the charities instead of the fund-raisers.

...a President doesn't spend the last two years of his term running for re-election.

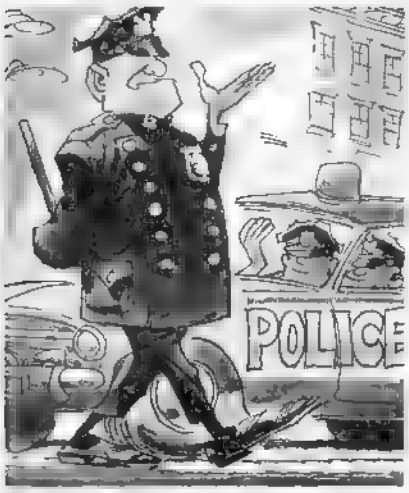
...a Club Owner fires all 25 players and keeps the Manager.

...it's illegal for relatives of any politician to be on government payrolls.

...a person has to pass a test and get a license to own a gun just like he does to drive a car or get married or any other dangerous undertaking.

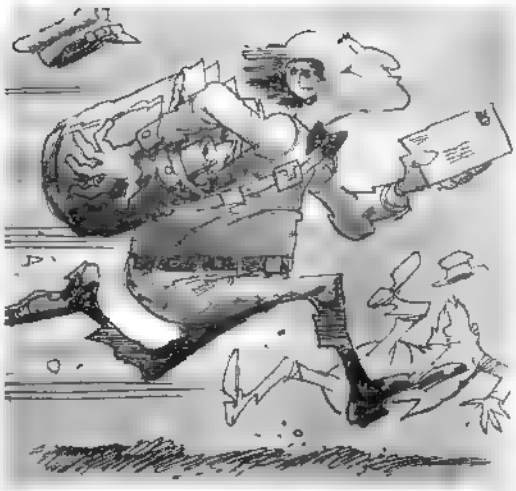
THE DAY WHEN...

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE



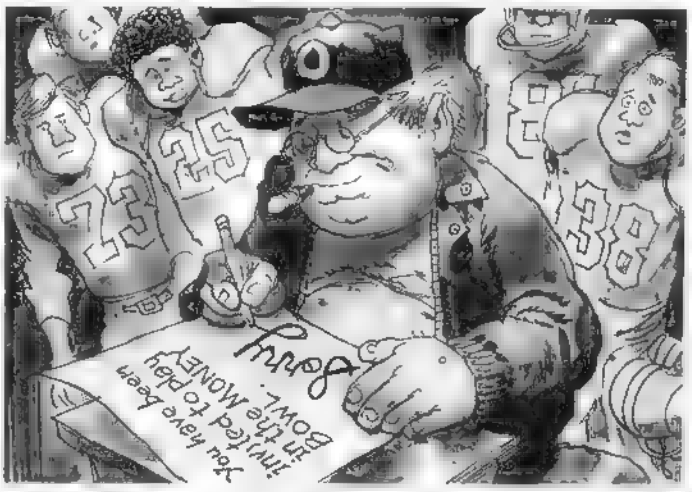
...there are as many cops on our streets as there are on our TV's.

...politicians who break the law are treated like any other crooks.



...mail service improves instead of getting worse every time they raise postage rates.

...the head of a municipal union announces that his men will take a cut in pay to help a city that's going broke.



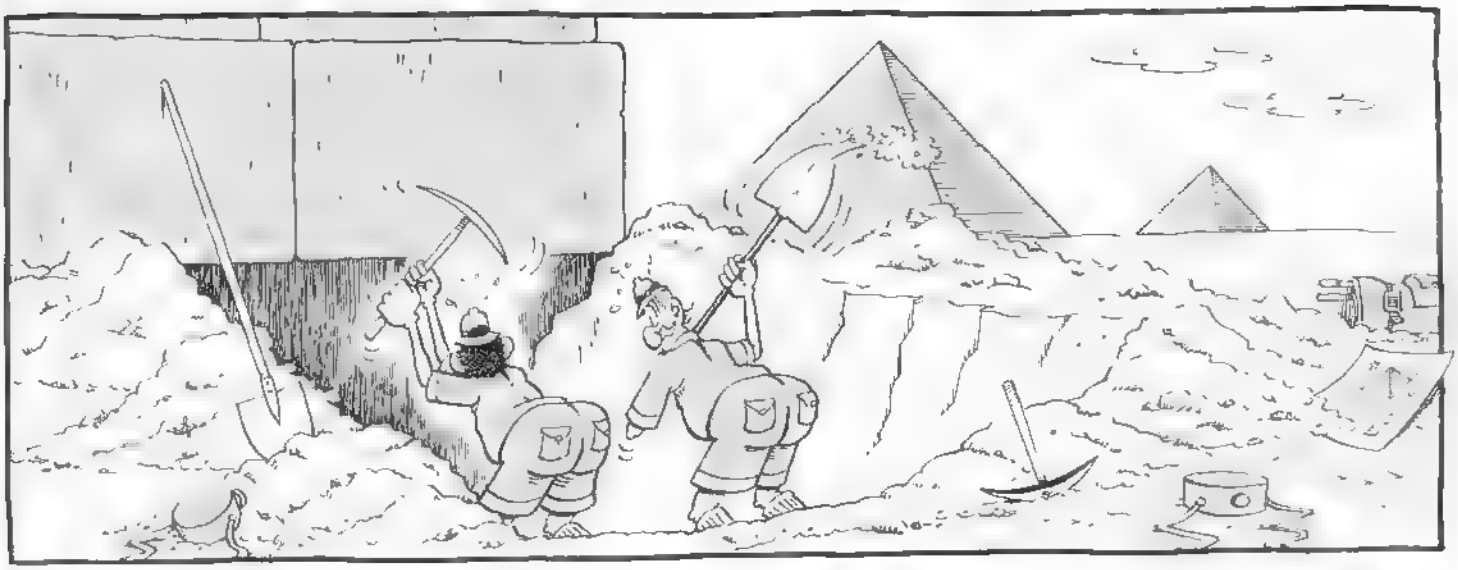
...the coach of a "football factory" turns down a bowl bid because his players have already missed too many classes.

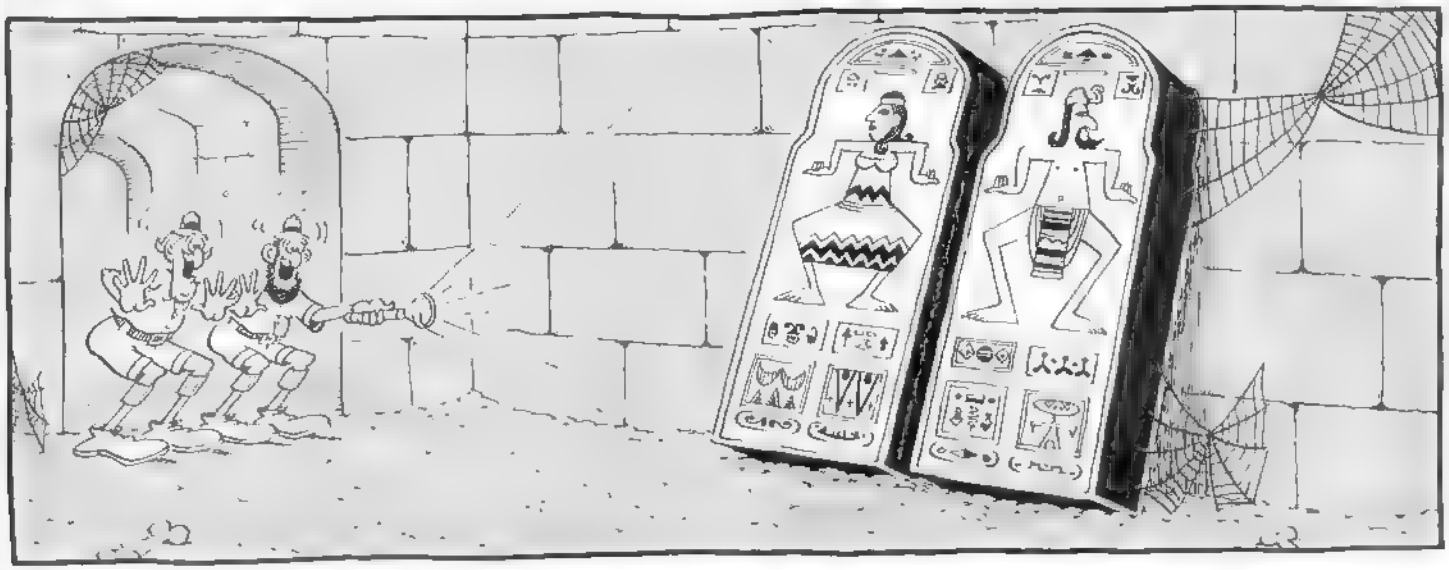
...the people have a right to vote on the pay raises and gravy train benefits of their elected officials.

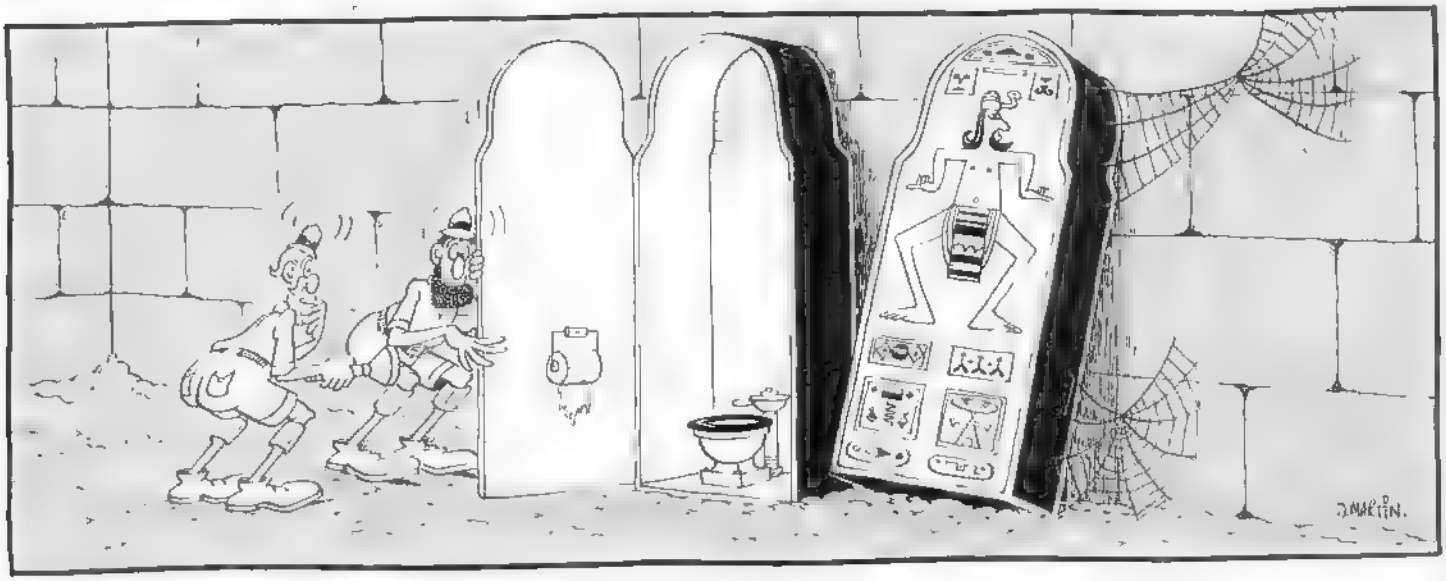
...the companies that make millions selling pet food donate some of that bread to help feed and shelter homeless animals.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ANOTHER DAY IN EGYPT





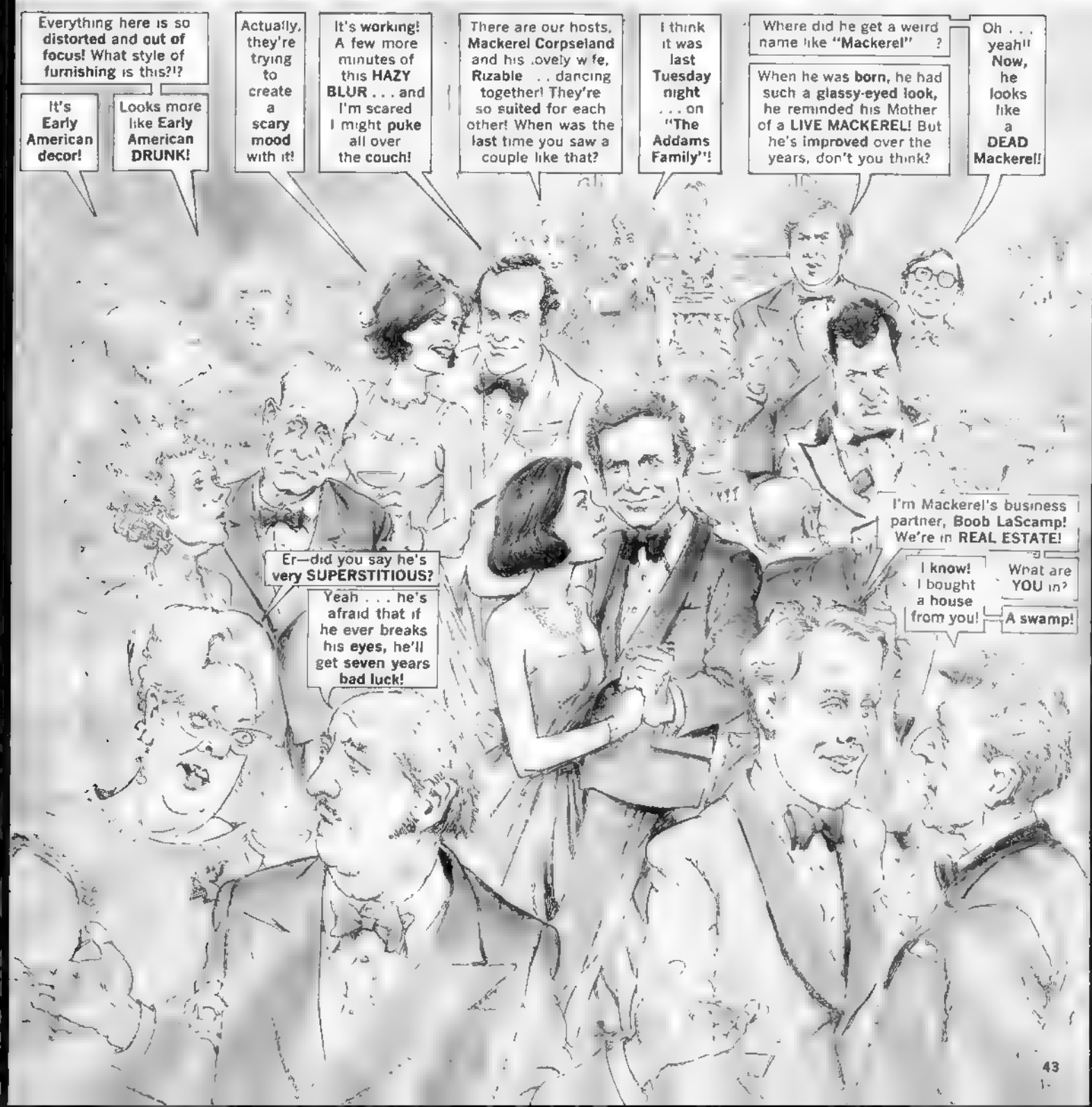


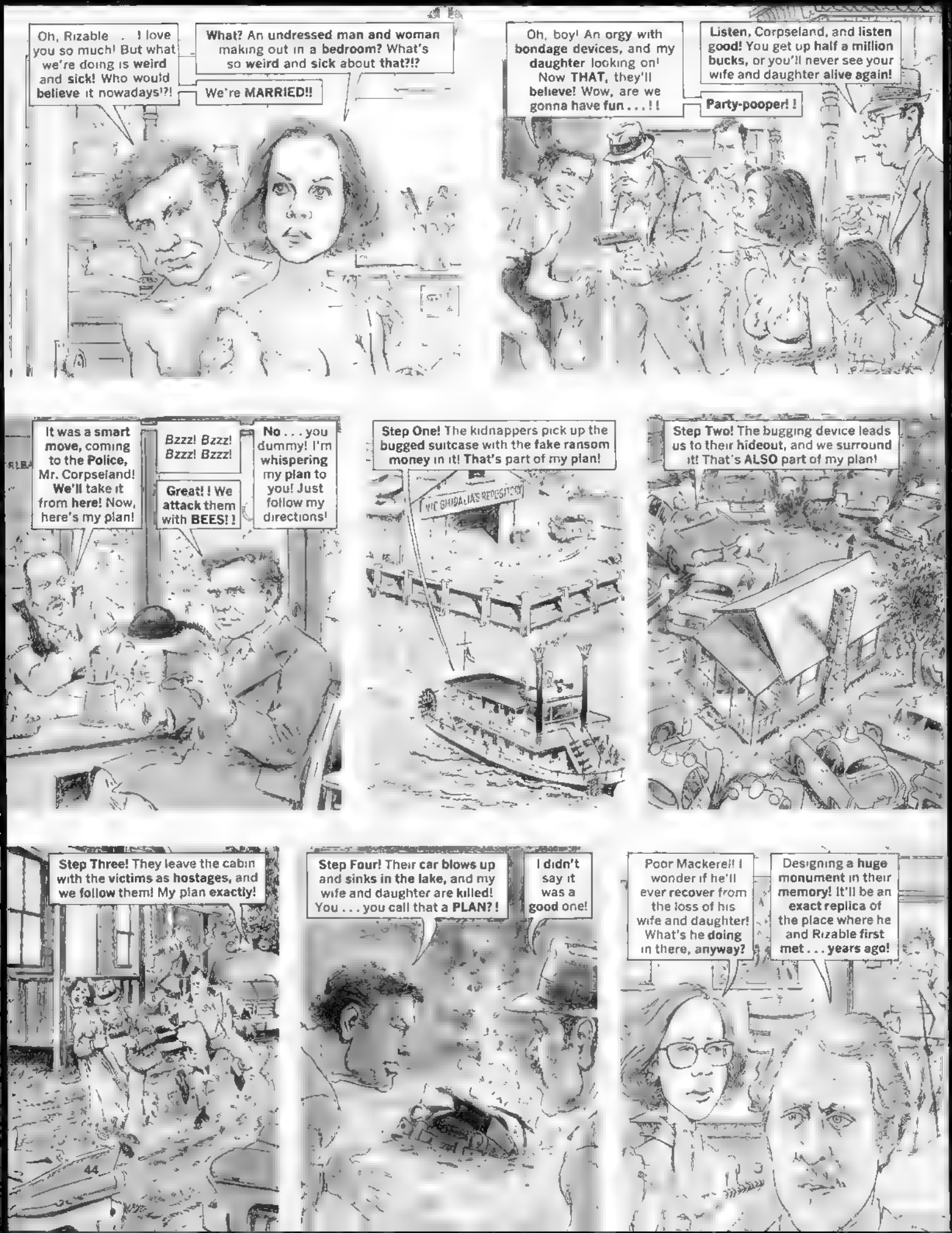
SEEING IS BEREAVING DEPT.

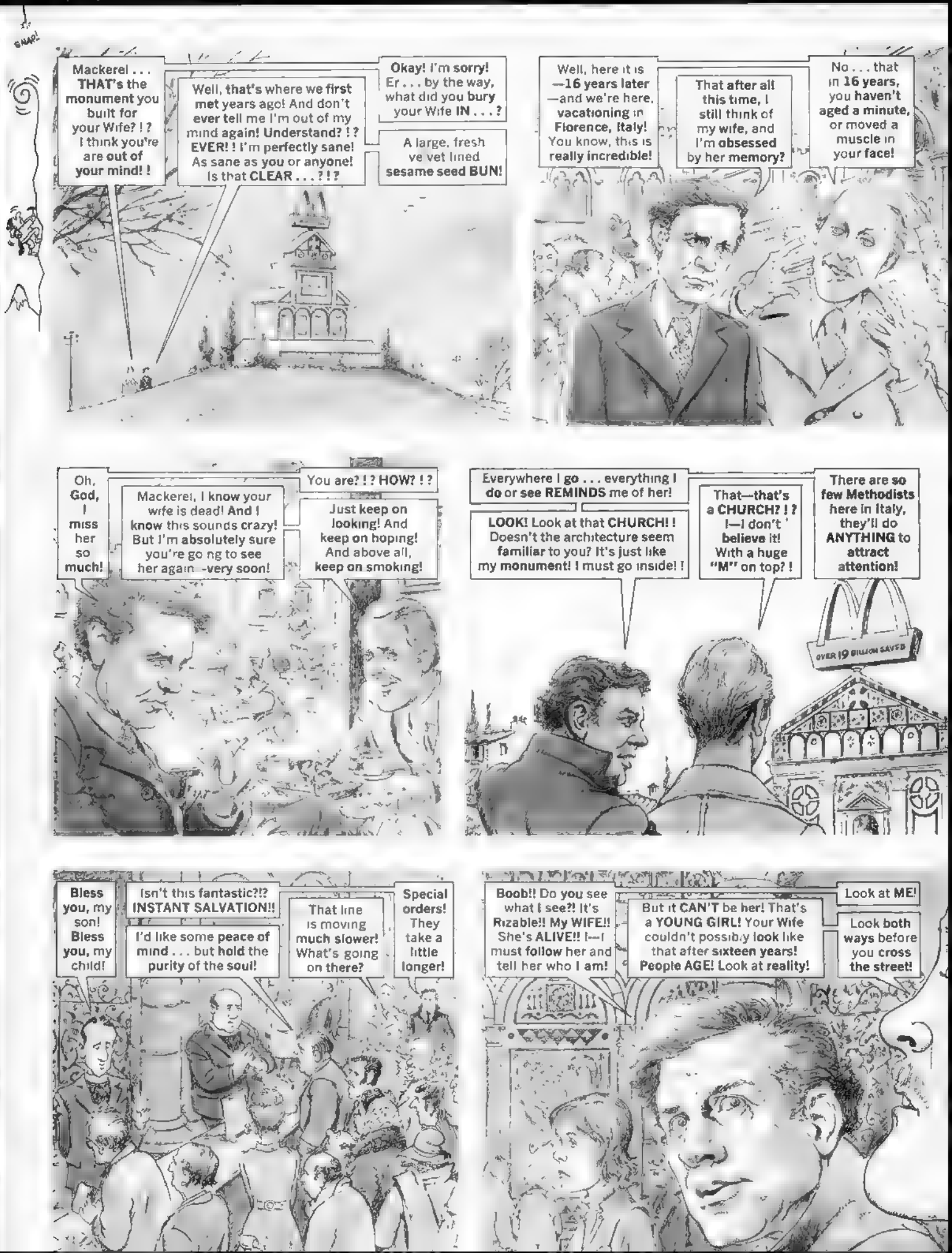
Recently, a Hollywood studio put out what was supposed to be "A Suspense Film in the style of Alfred Hitchcock!". . . about a man who loses his wife and daughter in a brutal kidnapping. Well, to us, it wasn't much of a suspense session. It was mostly a—

SOBSESSION

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL




Oh, Rizable . . . I love you so much! But what we're doing is weird and sick! Who would believe it nowadays!?!
What? An undressed man and woman making out in a bedroom? What's so weird and sick about that?!?
We're MARRIED!!
Oh, boy! An orgy with bondage devices, and my daughter looking on! Now THAT, they'll believe! Wow, are we gonna have fun . . . ! !
Listen, Corpseland, and listen good! You get up half a million bucks, or you'll never see your wife and daughter alive again!
Party-pooper! !
It was a smart move, coming to the Police, Mr. Corpseland! We'll take it from here! Now, here's my plan!
Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!
Great! ! We attack them with BEES! !
No . . . you dummy! I'm whispering my plan to you! Just follow my directions!
Step One! The kidnappers pick up the bugged suitcase with the fake ransom money in it! That's part of my plan!
Step Two! The bugging device leads us to their hideout, and we surround it! That's ALSO part of my plan!
Step Three! They leave the cabin with the victims as hostages, and we follow them! My plan exactly!
Step Four! Their car blows up and sinks in the lake, and my wife and daughter are killed! You . . . you call that a PLAN? !
I didn't say it was a good one!
Poor Mackerel! I wonder if he'll ever recover from the loss of his wife and daughter! What's he doing in there, anyway?
Designing a huge monument in their memory! It'll be an exact replica of the place where he and Rizable first met . . . years ago!
44


SNAP!
Mackerel . . . THAT's the monument you built for your Wife? ! ? I think you're are out of your mind! !
Well, that's where we first met years ago! And don't ever tell me I'm out of my mind again! Understand? ! ? EVER! ! I'm perfectly sane! As sane as you or anyone! Is that CLEAR . . . ? ! ?
Okay! I'm sorry! Er . . . by the way, what did you bury your Wife IN . . . ?
A large, fresh ve vet lined sesame seed BUN!
Well, here it is —16 years later —and we're here, vacationing in Florence, Italy! You know, this is really incredible!
That after all this time, I still think of my wife, and I'm obsessed by her memory?
No . . . that in 16 years, you haven't aged a minute, or moved a muscle in your face!
Oh, God, I miss her so much!
Mackerel, I know your wife is dead! And I know this sounds crazy! But I'm absolutely sure you're go ng to see her again -very soon!
You are? ! ? HOW? ! ?
Just keep on looking! And keep on hoping! And above all, keep on smoking!
Everywhere I go . . . everything I do or see REMINDS me of her!
LOOK! Look at that CHURCH! ! Doesn't the architecture seem familiar to you? It's just like my monument! I must go inside! !
That—that's a CHURCH? ! ? I—I don't believe it! With a huge "M" on top? !
There are so few Methodists here in Italy, they'll do ANYTHING to attract attention!
OVER 19 BILLION SAVED
Bless you, my son! Bless you, my child!
Isn't this fantastic?!? INSTANT SALVATION!!
I'd like some peace of mind . . . but hold the purity of the soul!
That line is moving much slower! What's going on there?
Special orders! They take a little longer!
Boob!! Do you see what I see?! It's Rizable!! My WIFE!! She's ALIVE!! I—I must follow her and tell her who I am!
But it CAN'T be her! That's a YOUNG GIRL! Your Wife couldn't possibly look like that after sixteen years! People AGE! Look at reality!
Look at ME!
Look both ways before you cross the street!

Excuse me, Miss, but don't I know you from somewhere?

You'll have to come up with a better line than that, Buddy!

Won't you let me buy you some lunch? I swear, I just want to talk to you!

You're just wasting your time, Mac! She'll never fall for that line, either!

Look . . . I'm Mackerel Corpseland, and you're my wife, Rizable! You were killed during a kidnapping in New Orleans sixteen years ago, and I built a monument to you! Only you're not dead, and you haven't aged, and I still love you, and I'm sure you still love me!

I tried THAT line, too! Believe me, it won't work!

I know I remind you of your wife! But my name is Shanda—NOT Rizable! And we never met before!

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Your eyes are so sad! You have such a pained look! Memories are hard to swallow, eh?

What memories?!

Have you tried swallowing this PASTA FAGIOLI?!

We always ate in this restaurant . . . and everything reminds me of her! The same quaint menu . . . the same tasty wine . . . the same charming waiter . . .

The same lousy tip!

Mackerel, we've been going together for three weeks, and I don't know who I AM anymore! You've got me walking like her . . . and talking like her . . . and dressing like her . . .

Where are you going?

To the BATHROOM!!

Okay, now listen . . .

Hold it! That's going TOO FAR!! For the next few minutes, I gotta be ME!!

Shanda, I love you! Come back with me to New Orleans, and we'll be married!

I'm so confused! You keep trying to change me all the time!

Darling, from now on, no more changes!!

Oh, Mackerel, you really mean it . . .?

Absolutely! I love you just the way she was!

See what I mean?!

All right! I'll go! But before we leave, I must see my Mother! She's in the hospital, dying!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

CLANG CRASH!

Cough . . cough! You expect me to bless this marriage . . .?! Choke . . . gasp! Never! NEVER!!

Why?!? Just because my fiancé is deranged, psychotic and obsessed . . .?!

Who cares about that? He's not Catholic! Do you hear me? HE'S NOT CATHOLIC!!

But, Mama . . .! Neither are WE!

NOW she tells me!

Mackerel, I just love New Orleans! And your home is charming! I adore it!

I'm so happy! Consider this house your house! Live in it, and enjoy every part of it! But promise me one thing, Shanda! Promise me you won't die young, the way she did! Please, please, don't die young!!

Silly! Why should I die young?!?

Because if you ever go into that room . . . I'm going to KILL YOU!!

I must see what's IN there!!

Never! It was HER room! It hasn't been touched since the day she died! She was a devoted wife . . . a sainted woman . . .

. . . but a terrible housekeeper!

Listen! No one's perfect!

You've been here for over a month now, Shanda . . . and strange things are happening! It's like Rizable's presence is POSSESSING you! Why . . . it's almost as if you're half HER . . . and half YOU!

Oh . . . that's ridiculous!!

Okay! Let's forget it! Hey . . . how would you like to go to bed with me now?

YES —and NO!

See what I mean?!

We've got to get married right away! I can see the wedding now . . . ZZZZZZZZZ

Do you, Shanda . . . and do you, Rizable, take this man to be your lawful wedded Husband?

We do . . .

Then I now pronounce you . . . MAN and WIVES!!

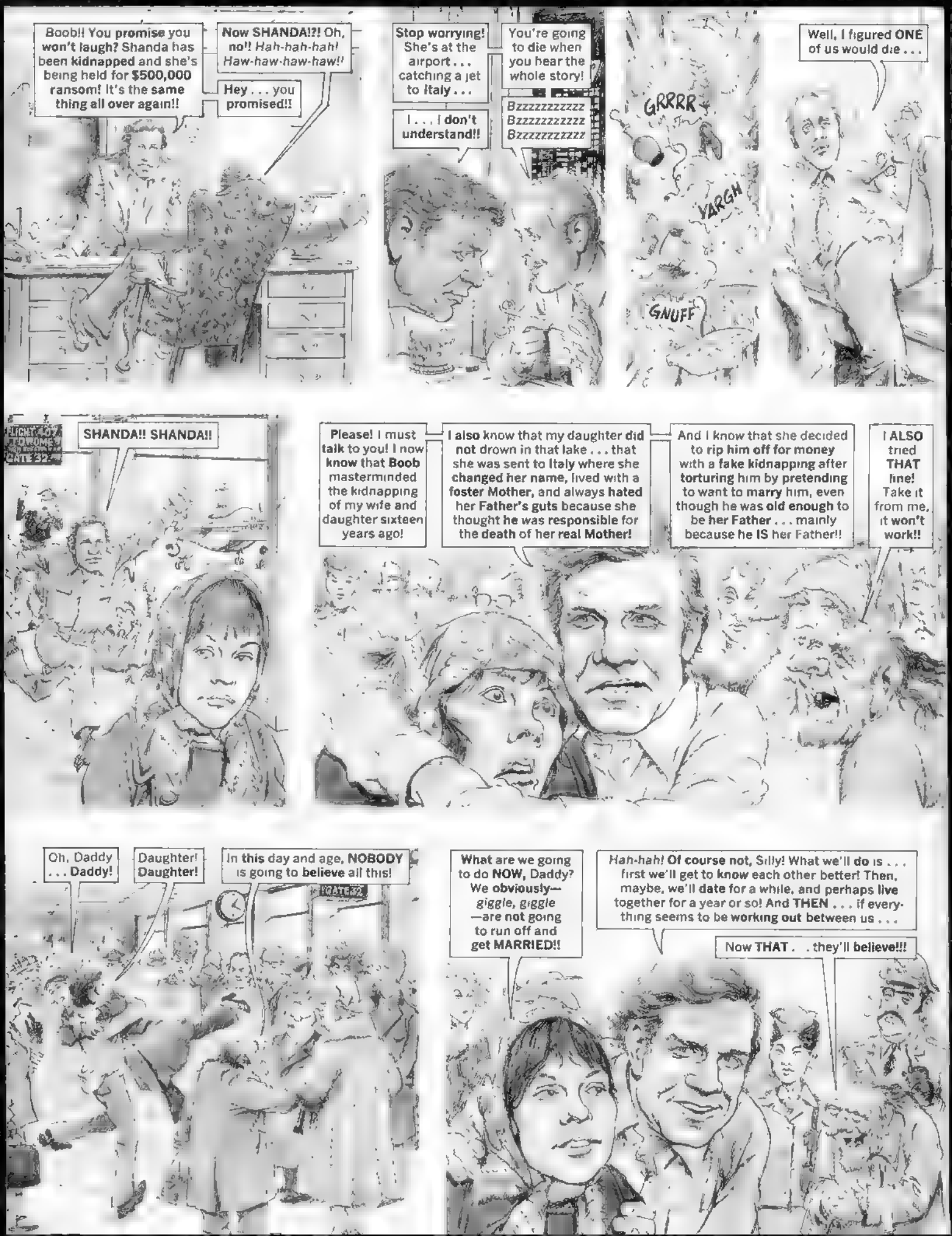
Well! It's official!! The three of us are really married!

Oh, Mackerel! We love you so much!

And I love the both of you! NOW can we go to bed together?

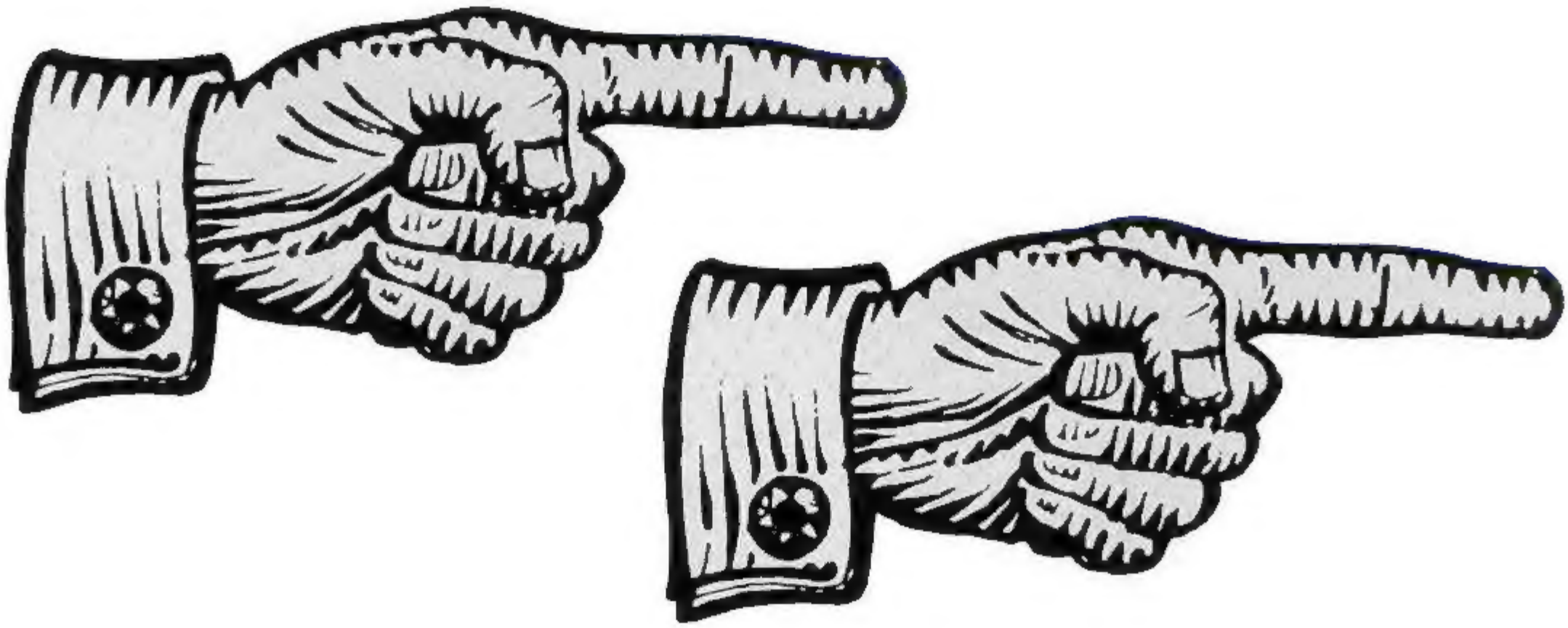
Please . . . not tonight! We have headaches!

Shanda, I've been having a strange dream, and . . . What the—?! She's gone!! There's a message on the bedpost! I don't believe it! It looks like a ransom note! Oh, no!! Not again!!


Boob!! You promise you won't laugh? Shanda has been kidnapped and she's being held for $500,000 ransom! It's the same thing all over again!!
Now SHANDA!?! Oh, no!! Hah-hah-hah! Haw-haw-haw-haw!!
Hey . . . you promised!!
Stop worrying! She's at the airport . . . catching a jet to Italy . . .
. . . I don't understand!!
You're going to die when you hear the whole story!
Bzzzzzzzzzzz Bzzzzzzzzzzz Bzzzzzzzzzzz
GRRRR
VARGH
GNUFF
Well, I figured ONE of us would die . . .
SHANDA!! SHANDA!!
Please! I must talk to you! I now know that Boob masterminded the kidnapping of my wife and daughter sixteen years ago!
I also know that my daughter did not drown in that lake . . . that she was sent to Italy where she changed her name, lived with a foster Mother, and always hated her Father's guts because she thought he was responsible for the death of her real Mother!
And I know that she decided to rip him off for money with a fake kidnapping after torturing him by pretending to want to marry him, even though he was old enough to be her Father . . . mainly because he IS her Father!!
I ALSO tried THAT line! Take it from me, it won't work!!
Oh, Daddy . . . Daddy!
Daughter! Daughter!
In this day and age, NOBODY is going to believe all this!
What are we going to do NOW, Daddy? We obviously— giggle, giggle —are not going to run off and get MARRIED!!
Hah-hah! Of course not, Silly! What we'll do is . . . first we'll get to know each other better! Then, maybe, we'll date for a while, and perhaps live together for a year or so! And THEN . . . if everything seems to be working out between us . . .
Now THAT . . they'll believe!!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT REMARKABLE MAGIC TRICK WILL THE EAST BE LOOKING FOR THIS FALL!

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

In the old days, the mysterious East was the place where fantastic magic tricks took place. But this Fall, the East of today will be looking for a feat of magic that is more "miracle" than "trick". To find out what this stupendous piece of legerdemain will be, fold in the page as shown at the right...

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

TURBANED EASTERN MAGICIANS CREATE STUNNING MIND-BOGGLING ILLUSIONS. INGENIOUS GADGETS BAFFLE AUDIENCES THAT ARE EASY TO TRICK INTO GIVING THE MAGICIAN THE REACTION HE WANTS

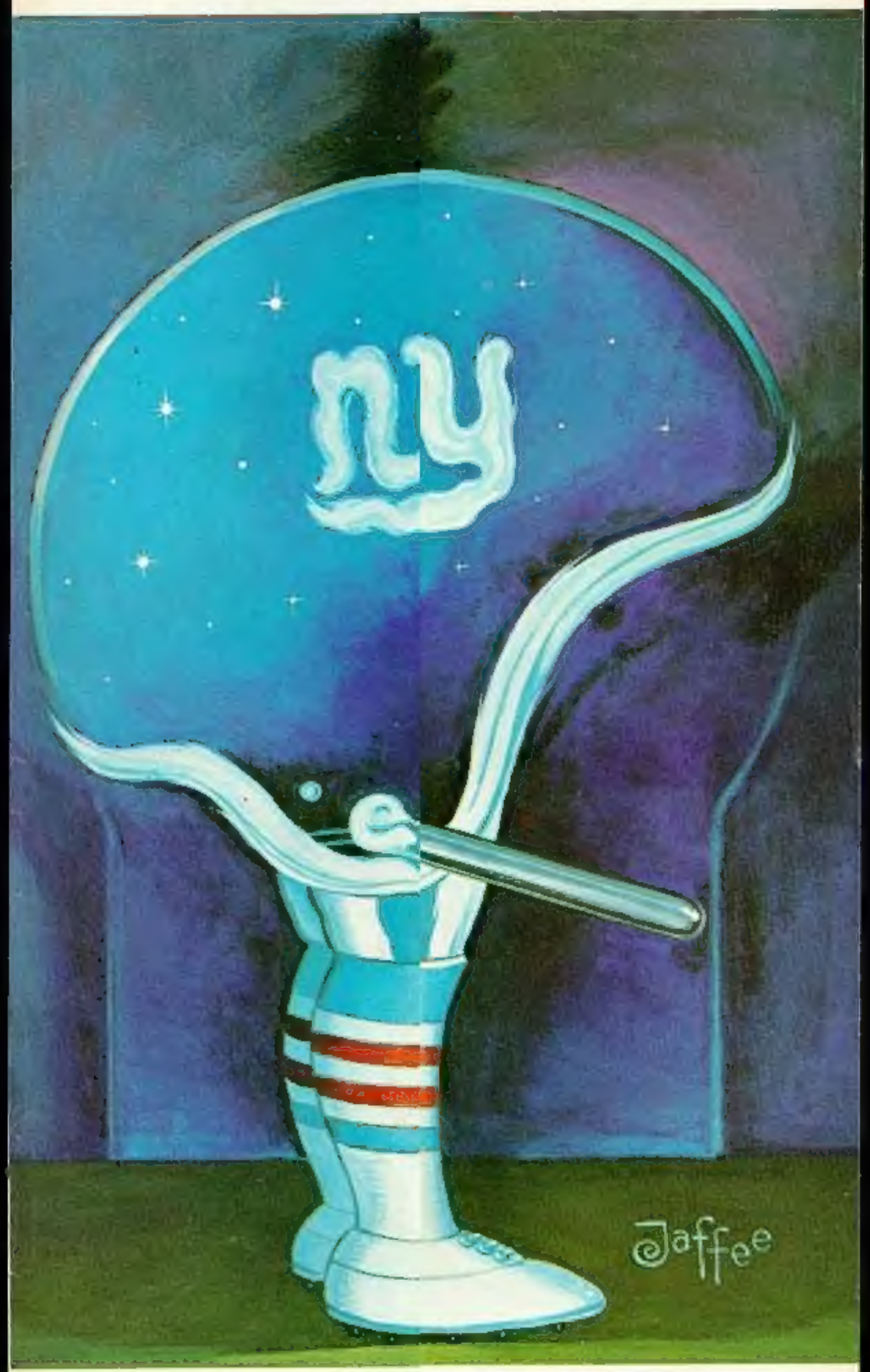
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT REMARKABLE MAGIC TRICK WILL THE EAST BE LOOKING FOR THIS FALL!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

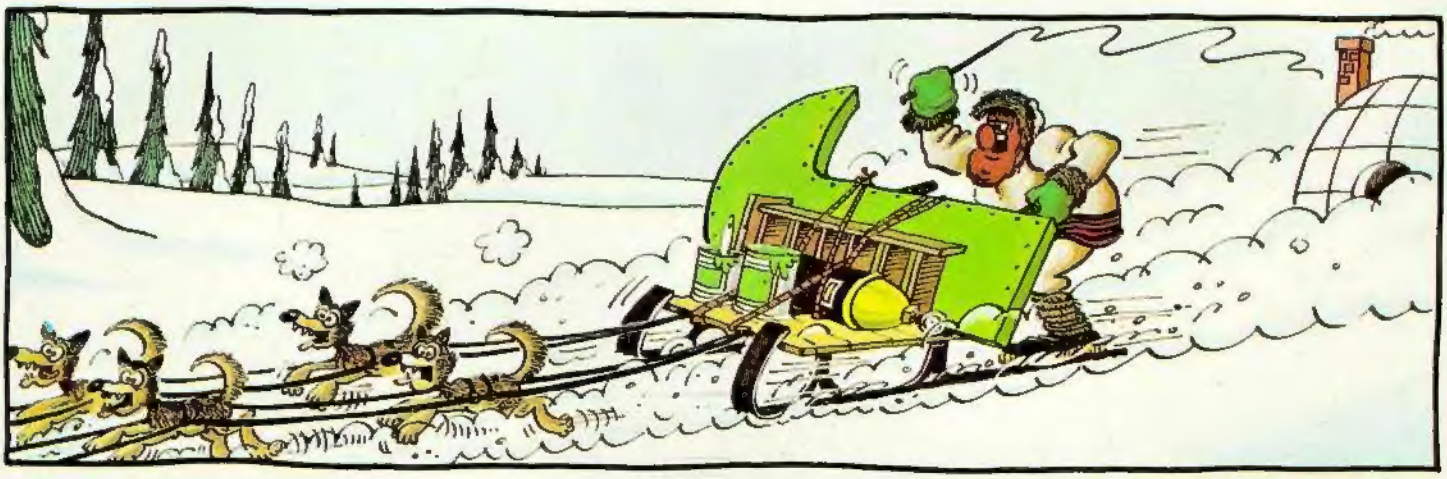


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

TURNING MIDGETS BACK INTO GIANTS

A►◄B

ONE DAY IN ALASKA



ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING